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PHILIPPIN EDUCATIO MAGAZINE

Vol. XXV

JUNE, 1928

JUL 25 1928



The Filipino Teacher's Chapter of Phonetics

Arranged to Accompany

The Teacher's Book of Phonetics

Barrows and Cordts

Extracts from
BUREAU OF EDUCATION

MEMORANDUM Manila, Jan. 16, 1928
No. 2, s. 1928

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MEMORANDUM

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for

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in

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1928



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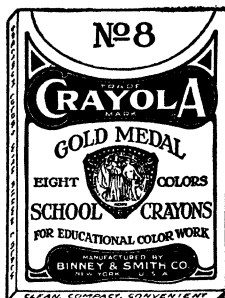
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No. 1

CONTENTS

Climbing Piapayungan	Leon L. Gardner	5
Manila's New Art Gallery	Ignacio Manlapaz	7
The Three Old Bachelors (Story)	Laureano M. Yumol	10
Rizal's Parentage Typically Filipino	Austin Craig	11
Land Travel and the Motor Bus	H. F. Wilkins	12
Reminiscences of a Maestro	Anonymous	14
The Milkman of Makiling	J. Villa Panganiban	15
The Building of a Magazine and a Business in the Philippines		16
The Faery Fiend	Charles S. Banks	19
The Thief Detector	Hammon H. Buck	20
Editorials		
The Twenty-fifth Year	The Editor	22
Dr. Hideyo Noguchi	Frank G. Haughwout	22
Japan in Shantung	The Editor	23
Sons of Landowners Wanted to Study Agriculture	Rafael Palma	23
A Progressive Tendency	Ramona S. Tirona	24
"Resolutions" and Resolution	Conrado Benitez	24
The Cover	The Editor	24
Making Capital Yield Profit	Camilo Osias	34
The Chinese Immigration Problem	George Tarbutt Usher	25
The Spoken Vocabulary in Grade One	Benigno Ramos	26
On the River	Epifanio de los Santos	28
Once to Every Man (Story)	Joseph Lawrence Byrd	30
Oh, Gosh! Jealous! (Story)	Alfred Worm	32
Old Versus New Methods in Child-Training		34
Map of the Heavens for June	Manila Observatory	37
The Philippine Home	Mrs. Mary Macdonald	38
Interesting Uses for Native Pottery		
The Road to Beauty		
Hints on First Aid		
News of the World		72
The New Books		75
Fiction		
General		
Educational		
Gatherings and Contributions	(The "Ad Man")	80
The Pampangans (With cover)		80

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PHILIPPINE EDUCATION MAGAZINE

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Climbing Piapayungan

By LEON L. GARDNER, Capt. U. S. A.

FEW people realize that the mountains of the Philippine Islands require more actual climbing than peaks in the United States or even the Alps. This is true because these volcanic mountains rise from sea level, whereas the Rocky Mountain and Alpine peaks rise from high plateaus and require an actual ascent of from only four to five or six thousand feet.

Mindanao has the loftiest (Apo) and second highest (Piapayungan) peaks in the Archipelago unless recent measurements of Mount Pulog in Luzon disprove this statement. Piapayungan (or Peargayungan) which rises to an altitude of 9,280 feet, lies on the Cotabato-Lanao boundary, and had never been ascended although a number of expeditions had been projected by various climbers. In planning an ascent of this mountain it was important to consider the altitude of the take-off. To start from the Cotabato side meant a climb practically from sea level, while from Lanao we had the advantage of the 2,300 feet altitude of the lake. For this reason the Lanao approach was unhesitatingly chosen.

On February 22, Colonel Bruns and I left Cotabato by Governor Gutierrez' launch and were taken to Malabang, where we spent one wondrous tropical night under the walls of the miniature fort, with bright stars overhead and thousands of fire-flies flashing in the coconut trees like some enchanted fairy festival. The next morning, assisted by our host, Lieutenant

Wimberly of the Constabulary, we started on horseback for Camp Keithley. Heavy rains had fallen and at the very outset we were forced to swim our horses over a turbulent river. It is a beautiful ride through the tropical forests ascending 2,300 feet to Ganas-si, at which point we were met by the Constabulary launch and taken to Keithley.

Across the lake to the east towered the high mountain

range with Piapayungan as the commanding peak. Ridges rise in a very even manner to reach the summit, giving origin to the native name which means umbrella. With glasses it could be seen that the summit was forested, but below this the mountain was clothed with a beautiful green verdure which we had been told was short grass easy to walk through. Our main concern was in regard to the endless succession of steep, broken, forested ridges which blocked the approach. This is very wild country forming at one time the retreat of a savage band of Moro outlaws headed by the notorious Adam. Weird stories are told by the Moros of man-eating animals and evil spirits that inhabit these mountains, and of dangerous precipices that block the way. It is supposed to be the very home of the great evil spirit Mandarangan, and few men could be found willing to enter the jungled fastnesses around the mountain.

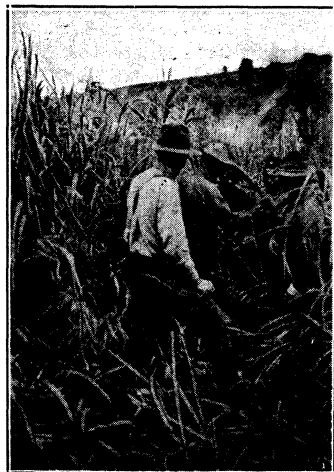
The only feasible method of attack, as Colonel Bruns pointed out, seemed to be to avoid the worst of the difficult ridges by circling to the north of the mountain and then turning

due south instead of striking straight in from Tamparan on the opposite side of the lake. The latter route is practically impossible as we later learned to our cost.

At Keithley, Major Johnson, Provincial Commander, and Lieutenant Schwaiger of the Constabulary, agreed to join the party and formed most welcome and valuable additions. Torrential rains fell giving us much concern about the mountain rivers.



FORDING THE GATA RIVER



HACKING THROUGH THE TIGBAO



VIEW FROM HIGH CAMP ON PIAPAYUNGAN SHOWING PLATEAU



A REST ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT

But in spite of this we struck across the lake to Tamparan on February 27.

After assembling thirty-one apprehensive and superstitious porters, we started on the old military trail to Fort Pikit. Two hours' march over muddy flats brought us to the Gata river, a swift stream waist-deep and barely navigable, that threatened to sweep us off our feet at every step as we forded it. Schwaiger, who has a strain of the giraffe in him, was the first to plunge in. He was steaming ahead, side paddles waving, when in about the middle of the current he ran afoul of a hidden rock and with a yell of dismay submerged his entire six feet of articulated appendages beneath the hissing waters. The rest crossed in pairs or by means of a stretched bejuco vine.

LEECHES

The trail now plunged into the jungle and we encountered the first of the teeming hordes of ravenous leeches that enlivened the whole trip and gave us badly infected sores and swollen legs before returning. By ten o'clock a drenching rain, that appeared every day at this time, was falling and the forest became a bog, cold, dark, and dreary. At two o'clock it was necessary to make camp and cook food, which is an arduous procedure in the rain-soaked forest. The column crossed a roaring stream by means of a fallen log, on which a huge cobra was stretched out at full length, and in a little flat dropped the loads and cleared the ground. Shelters made of poles roofed with ferns and leaves were constructed for everyone, including shacks for camp fires, after which, with infinite patience, dry wood was obtained from the heart of fallen logs and fires coaxed into being. This was a remarkable accomplishment in the pouring rain, worthy of great admiration, but it was most time-consuming and no food was available until late in the evening.



HIGHEST CAMP ON PIAPAYUNGAN. THE MEN ARE COLD



THE HAGGARD PARTY AT THE EXTREME SUMMIT OF PIAPAYUNGAN

Thereafter our mode of travel was to start very early with a good breakfast, camp at two or three o'clock, in the rain, and eat a late supper without any midday meal. In walking the log to wash up for the meal, Colonel Bruns took an involuntary high dive off into the river, hurling away one of our precious spoons, not to mention wetting his carefully preserved dry clothes.

The next day the procession wound for several miles on the trail to a point about five miles beyond the Saronayan river and here turned due south off the trail, taking a compass course. We crossed a wide, raging torrent on a fallen tree and commenced hacking straight through the jungle regardless of obstacles, rivers, high ridges, steep ravines, and tangled thickets. Major Johnson certainly did wield a wicked bolo even going to one side to lop down a six-inch tree or two. Those who have traveled in the dense jungle are familiar with the irresistible tendency to circle that overcomes all men. It was necessary to continuously check and recheck the course by compass to correct for this curious error. Those without a compass felt as if we were wandering hopelessly in huge circles, a most disconcerting sensation.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH

Working over a high ridge with the expenditure of much energy, we were faced with another deep and steep ravine down into which the column scrambled to be blocked by a racing, roaring river. Everyone now scattered searching for a suitable crossing. The current was so swift and deep, however, that it was impossible to ford without loss of life and the only alternative was to fell a tall tree that would span from bank to bank. This consumed considerable time in selection and labor, but at last we were rewarded by a great crash as the tree dropped its

(Continued on page 62)



FORDING "THE UNKNOWN RIVER"

Manila's New Art Gallery

By IGNACIO MANLAPAZ



GIRL WITH JAR BY FERNANDO AMORSOLO

THANKS to the efforts of Mr. Guillermo Tolentino, we have at last an art gallery worthy of the name.

For years, there has been felt the need of such an institution in the Philippines. Here is a country with artists of international renown and not a single art museum—a case unique in the art history of the world. And this condition of things would have persisted had it not been for the worthy enterprise of Mr. Tolentino.

They say of us that we do not know how to appreciate even our own artists. We have creative but no critical genius. Filipino artists are never prophets in their own country. Which is not far from the truth. But that is nothing against us. If we do not appreciate our artists it is because we do not know them. We have never had the chance to see their productions. We have no art galleries. For certainly, a country cannot produce great artists without being intelligent enough to appreciate them.

The art exhibit at the Ayuntamiento consists of painting, sculpture, caricatures, etc. All our notable artists are represented.

LUNA

There are several Lunas, among them a copy of his "Spoliarium," which does not do justice to the original. It is badly varnished too. But it suffices to show Luna's characteristics—his exuberant temperament, his vigor, puissance and demoniacal fierceness, his pounding rhythms and his Oriental love of ardent tones.

His head studies are eminently modern. They palpitate with life. The seascape shows largeness of handling and a feeling for space and air.

HIDALGO

Resurreccion Hidalgo's "Oedipus and Antigone" is by far the best canvas in the collection. It was inspired by Sophocles' "Oedipus at Colonus." It represents Antigone weeping by the side of her dead father, Oedipus. The style contrasts strikingly with Luna's. There is an atmospheric softness about the picture, a soft melting quality that reminds you of the vaporous effect of Carriere and Murillo's later canvases. The gradations of tones are exquisitely delicate. The figures seem to float in warm, velvety shadows. And what rare luminosity! The canvas has a musical suggestiveness and a poetic simplicity that is truly Greek.

His "America y Filipinas" is a cheap allegorical pot-boiler, not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with his "Oedipus and Antigone."

FERNANDO AMORSOLO

Fernando Amorsolo is represented by more than a dozen pictures and a masterpiece. The latter is none other than the "Girl with a Jar." Here is a subject eminently suited to his style. The girl is gotten up in Balintawak. She holds in front of her a jar slightly supported by her raised left thigh. Here one notes all the virtues of the artist. Even his very defects become virtues. There is the characteristic spontaneity and freshness that you will look for in vain in the pictures of his contemporaries; the cool, healthy tones, the consummate mastery of form, and the color scheme which is as original as that of the most original painters; the placidity and naive frankness of expression; and the appearance of having been painted in cool sunlight. The feminine note, the sweetness oftentimes bordering on the sentimental, which spoils a good many of his canvases, serves to heighten the appeal of this picture. The manner is suggestive of the Impressionists. The pigments are laid down in broad dashes. There is, however, no juxtaposition of disparate hues. There is no juggling with primary colors. The artist shows the same preoccupation with light which characterize the Impressionists.

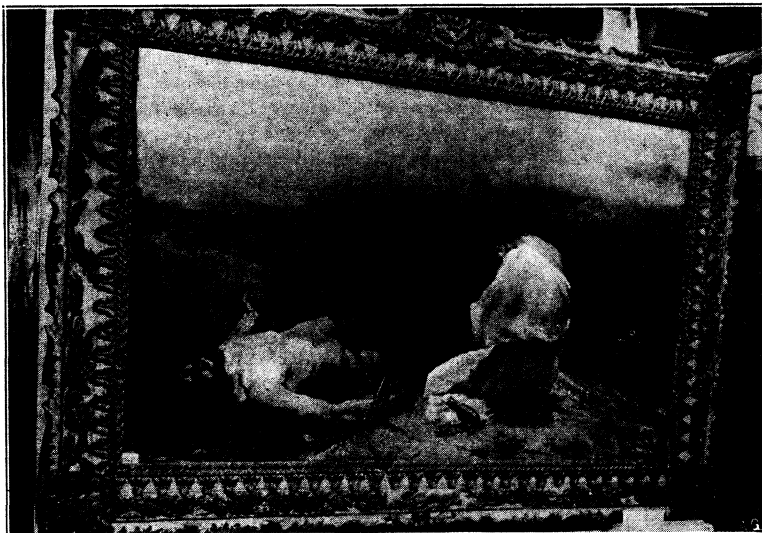


A CORNER OF THE ART GALLERY IN THE AYUNTAMIENTO

Top: Seascape by Luna; Middle row (left to right): "Alpahal" by Rivera y Mir; head study by Luna; landscape by Maria Iglesias; head study by Luna; "A Roman Laborer" by Zaragoza; Bottom: Bust of Mrs. Gabaldon by Tolentino; caricatures of Mrs. de Veyra, "Dimples," Gallarza and Loriga, and Yangco by Lasa; and bust of Gabaldon by Tolentino.

This picture is, as I have said, a masterpiece. It is perhaps the best canvas wrought in our time.

Amorsolo's other exhibits are of varying excellence. The landscapes are specially interesting because of their luscious light effects. The portraits e. g., that of Lim Chit Co, are too finished. But the sitters like them that way. So there you are.



OEDIPUS AND ANTIGONE BY RESURRECCION HIDALGO

DE LA ROSA

Fabian de la Rosa is not well represented. The few canvases that bear his signature are not among his best. The "Maria Makiling", however, is an interesting performance. The woman is evidently a symbolic figure. But the style shows the influence of the modern primitives. The violet flowers and the tree foreground give an unmistakable primitive effect.

His "Self-Portrait" belongs to his first period. There is absolutely nothing labored about it. The brush-work is sure, unhesitating, and the tonalities caress the eye.

TOLENTINO

Guillermo Tolentino is not only the best sculptor this country has yet produced; he is a great sculptor. He is one of our new artistic geniuses.

He is a sculptor with philosophical leanings and his marbles reflect his *Weltanschauung*. They exhibit not only profound feeling but also profound thought. Hegel's conception of romantic art (Schwegler summarizes it thus: "In romantic art, the mind preponderates and the matter is a mere appearance and sign through which the mind everywhere breaks out, and stuggles up above the material") describes them in a general way. But Tolentino's art has no affinities with romantic art. It is quite modern. To be more exact, it is sanely modern. For Tolentino indulges in no deformations of the anatomy. He does not fancy the geometrical burlesques of nature without rhyme or reason that go by the name of cubist art; nor has he a kind word for the simplification *ad absurdum* of the modern primitives. His modernity lies in his realism, his delight in impressionistic lumps and rough-hewn surfaces.

Tolentino achieves his effect by sheer beauty of execution. His marbles have a rare suggestiveness. Their power of evocation is immense. He contrives delicious planes that give no suggestion of fragility but rather enhance the pleasure of mass. He studies his profiles from all possible angles, modulating his surfaces to enable the light to play on them with greater freedom. He eschews finish. His smoothly chiseled busts are avowed pot-boilers.

His "Don Pañong" is one of his best portrait busts. It represents the late Epifanio de los Santos, the most learned Filipino that ever lived, in a philosophical mood. The artist has masterfully delineated the soul of the great man. The tones are warm and the values are handled with exquisite delicacy.

The little bronze figure called, "Rimorse" is powerfully modelled. Mass and volume are rendered impressively. The manner is somewhat impressionistic, the surface being broken up into luscious lumps. The artist's psychological acumen has been taxed to the utmost.

The Gabaldon bust is done in the same style. That of Lim Chit Co is more conventional.

PEREIRA

"Sweet Fifteen" by Pereira is an impressionistic head study. It is not a bad piece of work. The color scheme, however, is strongly reminiscent of Amorsolo.

SANTIAGO

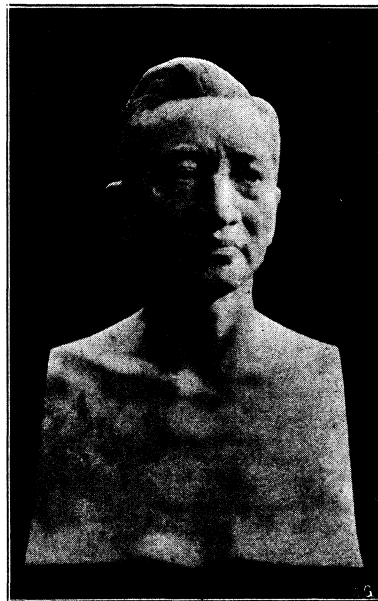
Emilio G. Santiago's "An Old Man's Head" is modelled with vigor. But it gives one an unpleasant impression of heaviness, the result, perhaps, of the artist's not having completely realized his idea.

GUERRERO

Lorenzo Guerrero's "A Country Scene" is a masterpiece of composition. The style shows both delicacy and vigor, the latter quality depending chiefly on the artist's handling of chiaroscuro. The dominant tone is dark green, enlivened by the red of the rooster's comb, the squatting woman's skirt, the stripes of her *pañño* and that of the slippers of the man with a *salakot*. Guerrero knew well the brilliant effect achieved by the juxtaposition of primary colors. The pigments have a delightful freshness that one rarely finds in our pictures nowadays.

ROCHA

Of all Lorenzo Rocha's pictures to be found in Manila, the most remarkable perhaps is the portrait of Josefa Angeles. This picture is valuable not only as a work of art but also as a wonderful expression of the manners of the artist's time. The face of the girl with its expression of nobility, the hair with two scarlet roses fastened to the knot, the *baro* of embroidered



BUST OF EPIFANIO DE LOS SANTOS
BY TOLENTINO

piña with the sleeves sloping down, the soft *pañó* of blue silk fringed with *piña* and dotted with gold, the red skirt and the black ribbon tied round the neck on which hangs a gold crucifix studded with pearls, are all reminiscent of the days when grandma was young. The workmanship is of rare excellence.



PORTRAIT OF JOSEFA ANGELES BY ROCHA

The tints are flat and wonderfully fresh. The modulation of tones is very subtle and only in the *pañó* do we note a venture into *chiaroscuro*. It is doubtful if any other manner would have suited the subject so well.

ZARAGOZA

Miguel Zaragoza had done a picture which alone is enough to confer distinction on him. His portrait of a Roman laborer is a truly remarkable picture. Such artists as Luna, Padilla—a renowned Spanish painter—and Villegas held this painting in such esteem that they even went so far as to declare it worthy to be included in a collection of Velasquez's canvases. The artist's vigorous rendering of form, his unhesitating brushstrokes which impart a delightful freshness to the picture and his vivid and passionate statement of life make "A Roman Laborer" an honest masterpiece.

ASUNCION

As a painter of *bodegon*, Jose Maria Asuncion has no peer among Filipino artists. Everybody acknowledges his superiority in this line. One cannot describe his still life without employing round, rhapsodical terms. He paints meats, shrimps, and vegetables with a huge gusto. He invests the humble cabbage and round of beef with a lyrical charm. The subdued tonalities and the soft, delicate touch show his tenderness for them, his sense of the sacredness of food.

PINEDA

In that landscape by Pineda showing nipa shacks on flooded ground, light plays a most important part. If the handling of it had not been so masterly, the picture would have no distinction at all. As it is, it gently illumines the whole scene rendering the details soft and almost atmospheric.

ENRIQUEZ, BUENAVENTURA AND FABIE

Rafael Enriquez is master of the pretty-pretty type of art. The portrait of Herrero by Fabie is a happy stroke. His handling of light in this picture is magnificent. T. Buenaventura's still life labelled, "Philippine Fruits" is painted with gusto.

PACHECO AND IGLESIAS

Pacheco's "Stone Age" is not a bad piece of work. The modelling is correct but the artist has not yet thoroughly mastered his medium. He gives great promise. So does Miss Maria Iglesias, our only woman painter.

LASA

Lasa's caricatures are as good as those that enliven the pages of foreign art magazines. They are as distinctive as those of Benito, Masereel and Covarrubias.

THE FUTURE OF ART IN THE PHILIPPINES

Painting in the Philippines seems to be on the decline. None of our living painters has filled the shoes of Luna and Hidalgo. This does not mean, however, that they are without their own merits. Fernando Amorsolo's color scheme, for instance, is more original than either Luna's or Hidalgo's. So is his handling of light.

Perhaps it is unjust to judge our contemporary painters by their present achievements. We should not forget that the task they have set before themselves is harder than that of Luna and Hidalgo. These masters painted the way Western artists painted. Their art is European rather than Filipino. Our artists of today, on the other hand, have a different ideal. They are trying to paint the way Filipino artists should paint. They study the Philippines, not Europe. They go to Nature, not to European masters for inspiration. They are, in short, trying to evolve a Filipino art. They may not be so great as the creators of "Spoliarium" and "Oedipus and Antigone" but they have a better ideal. In time they or their school may produce pictures that the world will rank higher than the masterpieces of our old masters because they will be more original.

Sculpture

here is likewise promising. Before Tolentino our sculptors were artisans, not artists. They turned out graveyard figures and nobody seemed to mind. But at present there is a widespread interest in sculpture in this country and the public has become more discriminating. Anything less than Tolentino's art will no longer satisfy. Which is a good sign.



BUST OF LIM CHIT CO BY TOLENTINO

The Three Old Bachelors

By LAUREANO M. YUMOL

MOST of the people of the district of San Nicolas know where the three old bachelors live. As a child, I used to hide about the house when we children played "detectives and thieves." The three old bachelors seemed to like me and sometimes invited me to come in. The house stands in Del Pan street, small but attractive. The three men, the youngest of them is fifty-seven years old, have lived there a long time. A middle-aged woman keeps house for them. Now, if any one wants to know why these three hale and kindly men are bachelors to this day, he has only to turn to me for I know their history well.

In the days when my mother was yet a girl, there lived in Principle street (that was the former name of the present Del Pan street) a widower who had three grown-up sons. The widower was a blacksmith, well-to-do because his customers paid him cheerfully for his excellently-made products, which, they said, were as strong and as good as himself. His assistants were his three sons whom he had taught the trade from their childhood. The three young men loved the work so well that they promised to be as famous as their father, because of which the widower was very proud indeed. He looked with pride upon Terio, the eldest son, who was now in his twenty-third year and was to manage the shop in the future. The seriousness of Dencio, the second son, twenty-two years old, made him happy. And he was pleased with Dicto, a strong lad of twenty-one, because of his cleverness and skill in the work.

The young men were in turn proud of their father because they had learned from him the love of work, he was their model of courtesy, and their best example of true love. You must know that Mang Belo's beloved wife died after she had given him the third child of their happy marriage; and, since that time, although many women had given him meaningful glances, he had paid no attention to them; for, as he often said, "My heart is in heaven with my wife."

It so happened that these three young men of the same strength, of the same profession, and of the same ambition, fell in love with the same maiden, a neighbor. Of course, the three brothers knew that each of them was in love with the girl, but,



Pablo Amoroso

"THEN I COULD NOT ENDURE IT ANY MORE. I CAME."

as children raised by a wise and peaceful father, they did not quarrel about the situation, nor did they speak about the matter to each other.

Lelay, however, was herself in a puzzle. She feared that she loved them all, for who among them towered over the others? But the pulsations of her heart told her that she loved the youngest most, yet she hesitated to give her "yes" to him because she hated to disappoint the others who loved her so dearly. And so days and weeks and months passed by, and her answer was still reserved. Then Mang Belo met with an accident, and was so seriously injured that he lay dying. On his death bed he called his sons together and said to them:

"My sons, it is now time for you to marry. Has each of you found your mate?"

The three brothers looked at one another. Finally Terio had the courage to speak.

"Father," he said slowly, "we have found our mate, but unfortunately she is the same girl for all of us. She is Lelay, our neighbor. We don't know what to do about it."

The father looked at them and smiled.

"You have made a good choice for I have observed Lelay myself. Yes, unfortunately there are no three Lelays for you. You are really brothers in hands and in hearts. Now, if I decide on one of you to marry her, will the others be content?" And the young men said yes if the choice were made fairly.

"Then go away for a while and come back when I call."

When the three brothers came back they saw their father holding in his trembling right hand the three protruding ends of match sticks.

"Now," said he, "each one of you will pick a stick. The one who picks the longest will continue his suit with Lelay while the others will keep off and not interfere. Quick, I am feeling very weak!"

The young men approached nearer and drew the sticks. Dencio, the second son, got the longest stick. Then Mang Belo coughed, smiled at Dencio, and managed to give a last look at

(Continued on page 68)

Rizal's Parentage Typically Filipino

By AUSTIN CRAIG

WHO were the forebears of José Rizal, is the subject of this article in commemoration of his natal month. Not to find of what stock does genius come, for a brother and nine sisters shared his blood without rivaling him, but to understand what is a typical Filipino, is the reason for the present study.

Rizal offers the solution of the problem that the new Philippines is a democratic land after centuries of monarchical habit. Here again, will the recorded experience of the United States be the Philippines' precedent, its surest guide, as has happened so often before.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY

An address by Daniel Webster, of over a century ago, tells a free people's need of knowing their genealogy:

"There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride, as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and grovelling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which has departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments, may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it."

Edmund Burke, the liberal Englishman who tried so hard to give American democracy its chance, expressed the same belief in fewer words in criticizing the radical French attempt at completely breaking with the past: "People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors."

As during the past hundred years, and more, Americans have been acting on Mr. Webster's advice, they have accumulated reliable information about their family histories that rivals the records of European royalty and nobility. Besides, societies of recent comers keep alive the traditions of the stock from which they came, English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, and the like. The result has been less prejudice against foreigners because the native knows that the immigrant is doing just what his own ancestors did but a few generations before, not more than twelve at the most. And there can be no talk of pure blood from intelligent people because all these know that their own ancestry is highly mixed, that the strength and vigor of America is due to its composite origin.

That seems a long introduction in reaching Rizal but just recently the Manila newspapers have been telling of election troubles in a nearby province where one candidate was seeking votes on the score of being "more Filipino" than his rival. When the opposition truthfully retorted that only the Negritos could claim to be pure-blooded Filipinos, there was much bad feeling. Yet one of the oldest Philippine words is for mestizos of Negritos with earliest immigrants.

FILIPINO HETEROGENEITY OF ORIGIN

Here the ancestry of Rizal will prove of service. He was long held the pure type of Tagalog, for until very recently the Spanish system of weakening the Filipinos by emphasizing minor divisions has been continued by Filipinos themselves.

The study of Rizal's genealogy has proved it highly composite, a mingling of about all the diverse racial elements in this land of mixed people. With the excuse of Rizal's birthday anniversary, I want to invite attention to how he was typically Filipino in this very heterogeneity of origin. What is true of Rizal's ancestry would be found equally true of every other Filipino who has claims to pre-eminence if his genealogy were thoroughly investigated, I dare assert for I have ransacked records in this line as no one else has, for years tracing patiently generation by generation. Not long ago, on a challenge, I found and proved a Spanish ancestor for Andres Boni-

facio, the maternal grandfather, though that fact seemed to have been completely forgotten. I don't believe there is a single notable Filipino of whom mixed blood cannot be established by careful research, and the same thing could be equally proved of common people if their ancestry had been as well recorded.

But it is not merely foreign infusion; the native elements (that is, the earlier foreign arrivals) are almost inextricably intermingled. Take the Ilocano hero, General Antonio Luna, who was born in Manila, or the Reyes and Florentino families of Northern Luzon who in the eighteenth century were not Ilocanos as now, but Tagalogs traceable to Baliwag, Bulacan, through Binondo, Manila. This again would be found paralleled in the case of any other family of enough prominence to have its migrations noted.

RIZAL A TYPICAL FILIPINO IN BLOOD

With this understanding that Rizal is a typical Filipino in blood, let us see what that blood is. Those who are curious as to proof will find deposited in the Philippine Library a collection of certified copies from records corroborating all these claims. The years of hard work to get them were worthwhile for now there is a solid foundation for discussing what is a Filipino. Similarly, equally painstaking work must be done in every line of history to restore the truth which the carelessness, or prejudice, of Spanish chroniclers has misrepresented or neglected.

RIZAL'S PATERNAL LINE

Rizal's paternal line was substantially Chinese, which was to be expected, for all the Filipinos' neighbors are Chinese or descendants of migrated Chinamen. The very Malays are central Asiatics, Mongols, who crowded into and through India and then kept on going from island to island through the Indian archipelago from the spirit of adventure bred by their first compulsory wanderings. The blood of this part of the world is Chinese, though its culture has an Indian veneer.

The Rizal family began with a Chinese merchant from the Amoy district which to China is what Scotland is to Great Britain, the source of sturdy, liberty-loving, aggressive manhood. The pioneer ancestor left his home because of political troubles, just as the Pilgrims came to America. He was an educated man and changed his religion to Christianity only after deliberate study and for no personal benefit. He married from a sense of duty to his ancestors, to carry on a family of which he was proud, when he was well along in years. His wife, much younger than himself, was the daughter of another Amoy Chinaman, also educated and well-to-do, who had been quite a little longer resident in the Philippines. The wife's mother was a Chinese mestiza, as probably were her mother, grandmother, and great grandmother back to the time of the Spaniards coming to Manila. Then the wife of the earliest Chinaman was probably a Bisayan as that was the blood of Manila, or Maynila, the Laguna region, Cavite, Pampanga, Bataan and Batangas. In Tondo then ruled by Bisayans, were remnants of the Tagalogs, an earlier immigration to the Islands than were the Bisayans who had then been here but a couple of centuries.

It is natural that the cultured Chinese, even then desired as husbands because they provided well for their families, should take a wife from the socially prominent Bisayans rather than from the poorer Tagalogs. The earliest accounts tell how the Chinese were held in esteem, and they had been coming as traders to Manila, and Luzon-people had been visiting China, for more than a thousand years before Legaspi became Spain's first governor here.

Rizal's great-grandfather, his grandfather's grandfather, the Chinaman, moved to Biñan because Manila was massacring Chinese, and became a farmer, soon a wealthy farmer, but he adopted for the new family name a Philippinized Spanish translation of the name by which he was called,—Sangley, Mercado, Merchant, are the Chinese, Spanish, and English forms.

(Continued on page 67)

Land Travel and the Motorbus

By H. F. WILKINS

YOU can go almost anywhere in the Philippine Islands today by motorbus. Wherever a community has been tapped by a portion of the 7,000-mile highway system, there you find busses plying the routes. Seven million people rode last year on the busses of a single company, the largest of a dozen or more operating in Island provinces. Fares collected in the business of modern rural transportation have built up several large fortunes, and others are waiting to be made.

Thereby hangs a tale, and a measure of progress.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TRUCK EXPRESS

The tale is one of considerable romance. They say you have to ride the bucking trucks that ply the mountain routes to the north in order to appreciate them, and even then appreciation is likely to be tempered with discomfort. Be that as it may, a wild jog over steep trails of zig-zag and switch-back construction with 1,000-foot gaps of disaster threatening at the roadside, has its element of adventure. No passenger can finish such a trip without increased respect for the intrepid Filipino pilots who make them as a calm matter of business, day after day, month after month, with never an accident.

EFFECT ON THE POPULATION

As a measure of progress, the bus business speaks for itself. You can't put 5,000 or 6,000 busses on a country's highways and fill them up with passengers day after day without having a transitory shift in population. Before the bus came, ankle traffic, the bullock cart, and the carretela were about the only means for people in the provinces to get about and see what their neighbors were doing. These were slow means, and mostly people stayed at home.

With the advent of a cheap and quick means of transportation, came an exchange of ideas and a traffic in people and goods which is undeniable progress.

BUSSES AND HIGHWAY BUILDING

Bus transportation and construction of new highways are hand-in-hand partners. Where highways are, so are busses; and



A TYPICAL RURAL BUS

This one seats 35 passengers and is plying the highway out of the town of Iriga, Camarines Sur. It costs two cents per kilometer to ride. Note grain bags carried as freight.

where highways are not, the people demand them when they learn what busses have done for neighboring provinces.

Repeated petitions from mountain tribesmen and from forest dwellers, whose recent pastime was head-hunting instead of bus-riding, for permission to build roads into their sanctuaries, are proof of that statement. Time and again have they appealed to A. D. Williams, Director of Public Works, or to Malacañang Palace itself, for white roads and motorbusses. They know how to build the roads. G-string and barefoot workers from the mountain provinces do some of the best road work in the Islands. And they know that if the

roads are there, the busses will come.

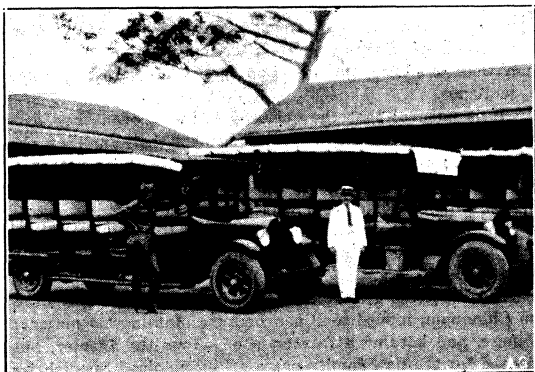
"The policy of road building in the Philippines," says Williams, "is to maintain those routes of communication already established and extend others until every section of the country, with justifiable productive traffic, is supplied with an outlet for its products."

The Bureau of Public Works builds the roads, and the bus companies and independent drivers furnish the direct means for that outlet of goods. Filipino busses carry freight as well as passengers, loading it on the roofs and running boards till a bus looks like a moving van.

COMPARATIVE DEVELOPMENT

It would be an excellent thing for China if she had such a network of roads and organization of bus routes as has the Philippines. A Shanghai automobile man once remarked that it would have made a great difference in the country's history had they built roads instead of ramparts. He had reference to the Great Wall of China.

The Philippines are indeed advanced beyond the dreams of China in the matter of transportation, and it is mostly on account of the bus. China is handicapped in many places by difficulties of building roads. It is estimated that to build a motor road from Shanghai westward to Nanking would call for construction of eighteen bridges and culverts per mile of



BUSSES IN BATANGAS

This is the type operated by the Batangas Transportation Company, with cross-seats.



A RAILWAY BUS

Rail busses like this one have been tried successfully on the Philippine Railway Company's lines to compete with independent operators.

road construction. This is because of the network of canals and waterways that now supports the bulk of inland traffic in China.

In America, the contrast is in the other direction. Bus transportation in that country, and its development in the last fifteen years, is one of the marvels of modern achievement. Filipino progress has been modeled on it and suggested by it to a large degree, but it has taken a different slant. Where America rides in de luxe busses with every comfort of a Pullman coach or a Pacific liner's cabin, the Philippines are content with a bus that is little more than a truck with sides, top, and seats built into it.

Where American bus lines find great profit in long-haul routes, some of them clear across the continent from San Francisco to Manhattan, operators in the Philippines find their profit in short-haul routes with frequent service.

All over the world today, busses are coming into their own. They trek the deserts of Arabia and Africa as camels used to do. They climb the mountains, ford the rivers, supplement the railroads, link the cities of every continent. And in the Philippines, considering the country's size and its comparative population, bus transportation has reached a point of development as high as anywhere.

There is one great trouble with it here. It is highly developed, indeed, but it is not well organized. It does not serve the interests of the country to best advantage. More about this later.

EARLY BEGINNINGS

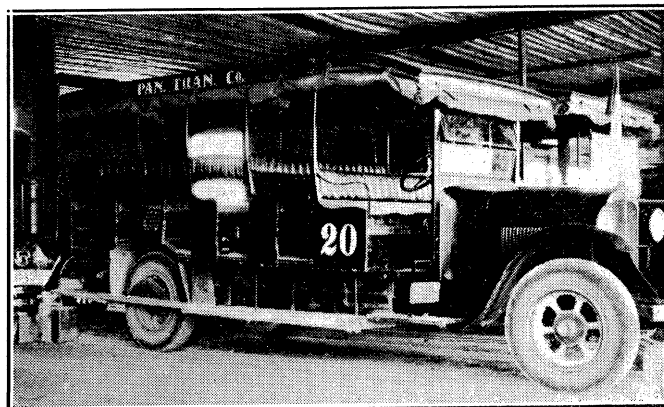
Economic development of today's motorbus business in the Philippines is clearer when you follow it up from the beginning and see the influences that moulded it. This part of the story, too, is not without its romance.

Water traffic is the greatest natural mode of transportation here. Development of motorbus operation can be traced back to a little branch of that traffic down in Camarines Sur.

The pioneer in the business is A. L. Ammen, for whom the largest existing company is named. Ammen came to the Islands with the quartermaster's department of the United States Army in the early war days. When he was released from service at the town of Naga, in Camarines Sur, he looked around for something to do in this new land. He had been closely concerned with one kind of transportation—mule—in his capacity as army sergeant, so he cast around in that field.

Land transportation then was out of the question. There were no roads. But nature had provided a waterway right through the center of the province in the form of a good-sized river known as the Bicol.

Ammen went to Manila and found him a little flat-bottomed river steamer, brought it to Naga, and began operating it between there and Rinconada. Every day for ten years he ran that boat, always full of passengers, down through the hemp



ONE OF A FLEET OF FORTY

Owned by the Pangasinan Transportation Company.

and copra district. He laid by a tidy sum of money. He took a trip to America, and meantime hired Max Blouse to run the boat for him.

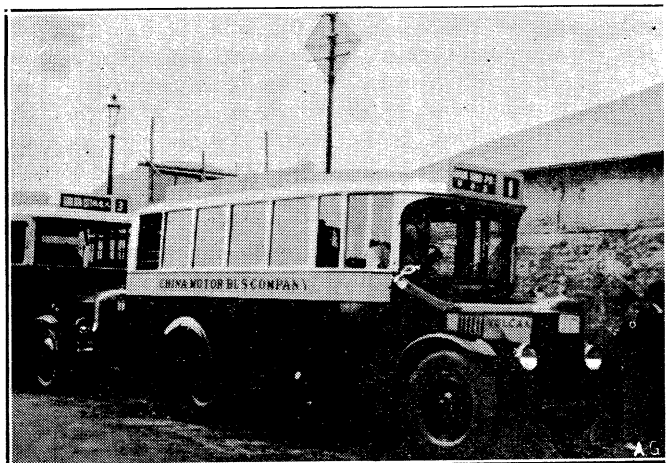
THE ISLANDS' FIRST BUS

When Ammen returned he found that a road had been nearly completed, under the administration of W. Cameron Forbes, from Naga to Rinconada. The boat was still making profit, but he and Blouse saw a new means of increasing it. They decided to get an automobile and run it over that road.

Ammen put his bank-roll in his belt and went to Manila. He came back with a big Grobowsky truck chassis and a Chalmers touring car, which is said to have cost him altogether \$10,000. The Grobowsky was the first automobile seen in that part of the country, and was fearfully and wonderfully made. It was supposed to be a three-ton truck. The motor had two cylinders. The engine block sat on rollers so it could be pulled out for repairs. This was a blessing and a time-saver, for plenty of repairs were necessary.

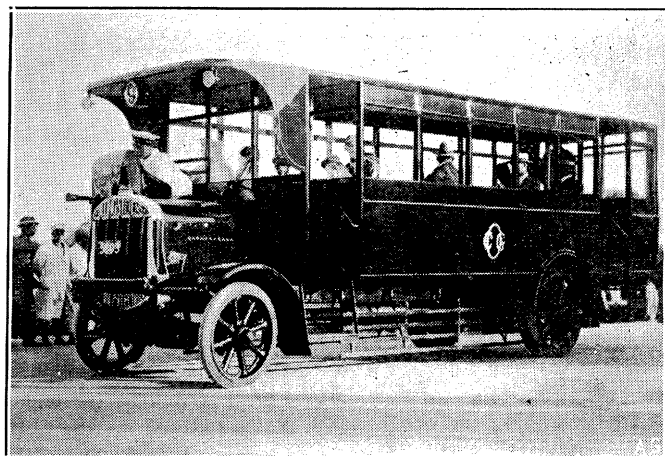
They tinkered with it until it ran, and Blouse drove it. When he started out in the morning he never was sure where he would spend the night. It carried about twenty passengers by advertisement, but far fewer than that until the people got over a pardonable fear of the "automobile grande." But when they saw that it did really run, and that it made in a single day a trip that could not have been made in three or four by ordinary methods, they began to fill it up. Ammen bought another truck, when the Grobowsky began turning in about forty pesos a day. As roads opened, business grew, and the original Ammen company now operates 148 cars on regular service with half-hourly or hourly headway in three provinces. Last year they carried 7,000,000 passengers. Capitalization has

(Continued on page 70)



CHINA'S BUSES ARE CONFINED TO CITIES

Kowloon, across the harbor from Hongkong, has a fine modern fleet of motorbuses.



BUSES USED IN SHANGHAI

The Philippines are far ahead of China in rural bus transportation. Buses like these petrol-electrics in Shanghai are typical of those in the large cities.

Reminiscences of a Maestro

ANONYMOUS

REMINISCENCES, well, if I had the whiskers that you see in the picture printed in No. 2, Vol. I of The Philippine Education—, if I had those whiskers to stroke reflectively, I believe that reminiscences would flow as the current of the Pasig at low tide, in flood time.

But those whiskers, alas!
Have gone the way of all grass.

They were grown in good faith with an idea of giving a serious and professional cast to a countenance that seemed too youthful for the position occupied, Division Superintendent of Schools of Batangas. No one in Batangas criticized them, at least in their presence, but during the superintendents' convention at which the picture was taken, Vice-Governor James B. Smith, who had personally assigned me to Batangas with an increase in salary from P1,600 to P2,000 referred to me as "that fellar with farmer whiskers." So that's that.

THE SOLDIER-TEACHER IN PASAY

In June of 1900 an ex-soldier was assigned to teach in the town of Pasay, at that time under the control of the Manila superintendent, Mr. George Anderson. Twenty-eight years ago Pasay was a sleepy provincial town of nipa shacks with a stone church and tribunal. Although the place was garrisoned by a squadron of the 4th Cavalry, every noon the town band would play Aguinaldo's march on the plaza beside the church bells while these rang out their "repique" in honor of the Philippine Republic.

Two governments and two presidentes functioned in the town, one as established by the American Army, the other functioning through the local insurgent teniente-coronel "Dorong Puti," under the direction of General Noriel, who was at Bacoor.

EARLY ROMANCE

Everyone seemed to like the maestro. He was bidden to all fiestas and was frequently invited to accompany the young bloods as they serenaded the village belles. On these occasions, he wore a "barong tagalog" fastened at the neck with two gold buttons.

There was romance too, as witness the following:

In the village of Pasay
Where the sunbeams tranquil lie
And the breezes often stop to rest awhile,
On the plaze of the town
Lives a maiden, olive-brown,
Oh, that bright transparent brown,
And a sort of languid, laughing, southern smile.
When she bathes, her midnight hair
Sweeps the ground, or almost there,
Like a cloud of troubling darkness to mankind,
And she combs its glossy strands
With her cool and perfect hands,
With her tap'ring fingered hands,
Till its very meshes have my heart entwined.

There was more but this will show the general trend.

There was hard work too, one school for boys, morning and afternoon, in the two front rooms of the tribunal, and one for girls in the house occupied by the Filipina maestra. After the school was dismissed at noon, came the classes for the Filipino teachers and aspirants. On alternate nights, classes were held for male and female adults. This was voluntary, but it brought my first increase in salary. Later, as I practiced with my Tagalog, Major Morton of the 4th Cavalry offered me the position of post interpreter.

My original salary of sixty dollars, became seventy-five on account of the night schools and later one hundred with what I received as interpreter. Pretty soft eh! after the "\$15.60 per", paid in the army.

Doctor Barrows visited the school in January or February of 1901 and complimented the maestro on the fine progress made, and when Major Morton telegraphed in March from Taal, to which place he had been transferred, and asked the assignment of the maestro to his station, "for the good of your country and the Filipino people", Doctor Barrows approved the transfer with the recommendation of an increase in salary. Conditions in Pasay had improved visibly, the scattered bands of insurgents, many of whom had degenerated into ladrones, had been captured, Dorong Puti had surrendered and was assisting in apprehending the bad characters which remained out. The night school in English was a popular place of social recreation. On hearing of the transfer of the maestro the young people of the town called a meeting and passed resolutions in chaste Tagalog poetry making the maestro an adopted son of the town and giving him their heartfelt farewell.

TAAL OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

Taal, of twenty-seven years ago, seen from the bay on the old Taaleño, a small coasting steamer, presented a beautiful panorama, if somewhat marred by the ruins of a large portion of the town which had been burned a few months before in a fight between the insurgents and two companies of the 29th Infantry.

The people of Taal seemed cool and unfriendly after the warm hearts left behind in Pasay. The military were kind and gave temporary shelter in the officers' quarters, but the maestro felt that his place was elsewhere and took up his residence in a house of an absent Filipino patriot that had been seized by the military. Two young boys were sent by the Filipino maestro to wait on the American teacher in exchange for the privilege of practicing English. The older of the two, later secured an appointment from Governor Taft as student pensionado and is now occupying an important technical position in a government bureau, the other is a pharmacist.

THE OLD FILIPINO MAESTRO

Here, I must mention the old Filipino maestro, kind hearted, humble and submissive after years of domination by the Spanish friar, dulled and ossified by the mechanical methods of teaching in vogue, gray-headed and rheumatic through age and long years of service, what chance did he have for qualifying under the new system! He was perforce discarded, but for years his very presence seemed to reproach the new generation.

Hard work, the mornings in Taal and the afternoons in Lemery, two schools, with the usual quota of Filipino teachers and aspirants for special training, later, night schools for young men and young women on alternate nights. Work as military interpreter at noon and sometimes late at night. Among other cases tried in the military court was that of a band of ladrones who had robbed the town of Lian. The 4th Cavalry had been relieved by the 6th, and the new C. O. was Major West a kind-hearted but irascible old gentlemen who had to be "guided" in order to prevent injustice and harsh treatment to the people of the town. Later when the "bullpen" under the convent became nearly full of local prisoners, among whom were some of the influential men of the community, who found the army ration unbearable, food and clothing could only be admitted to the prison after it had been examined and passed by the maestro, and communication between the families of the unfortunate men and their imprisoned relatives could be had only through the same channel. This gave the maestro great prestige among the people and won for him the derisive title of "Presidente of Taal and Lemery" from the slightly disgruntled officers who seemed to rather resent his influence with the Major.

TRANSFER TO CAVITE

The new division superintendent whose district was Cavite, Batangas, and Tayabas, visited Taal in October, 1901, and in
(Continued on page 60)

The Milkman of Makiling

BY J. VILLA PANGANIBAN

MANG Selo sold fresh milk to all the people at the foot of Mt. Makiling. He took care of his carabaos so well that the milk they gave was of the purest, the sweetest for miles around. Mang Selo's time for coming was also the time to stir, for he rose with the first crowing of the cocks and distributed milk to his customers before daylight.

He had one customer whom he liked most. This one lived farther up the slope of the mountain than any of the others, and yet, although it tired him to climb the winding upward trail, he never failed to be there about the same hour every morning, just when the dawn spread to bathe the world with the bright light of a new day. What it was that attracted him to this particular customer of his, was a mystery even to Mang Selo himself. He just handed the bottle of milk to the old man who would be waiting for him, received in exchange ten centavos and the empty bottle of the day before, then, off he went down the trail toward home. Every morning, day after day, it was thus, unspeaking, that he sold milk to the old man of the mountain, never complaining of the painful daily climb. Not even a greeting or a word on the fineness of the morning, passed between them. Yet he parted from the old man with a satisfaction in his heart which he could never have explained.

But one day, Mang Selo failed to come with the milk. The old man of the mountain was there at the gate at the usual time. With the coming of daylight he turned to the house, nor was there any expression of reproach on his inscrutable face. But his eyes gleamed more mysteriously than ever.

The next morning came Mang Selo. He looked more stooped and more aged than ever. He tendered the bottle of milk to the old man of the mountain with a hopeless gesture that spoke eloquently of the tragedy within his heart. His son, Felipe, whom he loved so deeply, had suddenly been taken ill and had died the morning he failed to come. He offered no apologies for yesterday's failure, because he seemed to know that the old man understood. He received his coin and the empty bottle

with tears dangerously near the bursting floodgates of his old eyes. It was clear that he craved for sympathy and comfort, and yet he was as silent and uncomplaining as ever.

But when he was about to turn to go down the trail that zigzagged under the early sun, the old man of the mountain stayed him with an expressive gesture.

"Maria," he called.

It was the first and only word Mang Selo had heard fall from his lips since their first meeting more than twenty years ago. The sound of the old man's voice was so sweet, so tender, so pure, and so full of comforting promise, that Mang Selo's heart derived healing from its music.

The girl, who came in answer to the call, was a vision. For twenty years, Mang Selo had come religiously every morning to that place, but he had never seen nor heard of Maria. But the wonder of it was that he did not wonder at her existence; he was not surprised to see her; he understood, as if through some subtle telephatic explanation from the old man, that the maiden of the ebony tresses and the expressive coal-black eyes, was the fairy of the slope, born of the kisses of the moonbeams upon the crystal

surface of the pearly dew that had been caressed by the enchanted fingers of her ancestor, Mariang Makiling, the genius of the mountain, of whom she was the lovely incarnation.

She came with graceful steps and soft smiling lips, with some herbs of green and gold in her hand. She kissed each stem and leaf, then handed them to Mang Selo.

Mang Selo, as if he were one with that mysterious family of the slope of Makiling, understood at once. The herbs were for his beloved son, Felipe. They were to erase the wound of tragedy from his suffering heart.

Even then no words were spoken. There was only the smile of encouragement on the lips of the maiden; there was only the gesture of sympathy from the old man of the mountain, —and the silent look of unspoken thanks from Mang Selo's eyes.

The old milkman wended his way down the slope more hopefully than he had climbed it half an hour before. When he

(Continued on page 56)



"NEVER," HE SAID

Pablo Amoroso



The Building of a Magazine and a Business in the Philippines



WITH this month's issue, Philippine Education Magazine enters into its twenty-fifth year of uninterrupted existence, there being only three publications in Manila, and these all dailies, which are older. When it is considered that the history of the press in the Philippines covers a period of only a little over one hundred years, and that during this period hundreds of different periodicals were started, all but a few of which died, some in their first year, others lasting a year or so, it becomes clear that to have reached the age of twenty-five is in itself no mean achievement.

Philippine Education Magazine is published by Philippine Education Co., Inc.—the company having been named after the Magazine, and not vice versa — now the largest bookselling and stationery house in the Philippines, and the largest American firm in that business in the Far East. It started with one man in a little upstairs room over a barbershop at 90 Escolta, the present site of the Masonic Temple, and now occupies four floors of a large modern building, diagonally across the street, employs nearly two hundred people, and does an annual business of over two million pesos.

"THE PHILIPPINE TEACHER"

AND JOHN G. COULTER

In 1904, Dr. David P. Barrows, then General Superintendent of Education, recommended that the Bureau of Education be permitted "to publish or to have published" a magazine for teachers. The former was frowned upon, but the latter was approved. So on December 15, 1904, a magazine called "The Philippine Teacher" came off the press, edited by Dr. John G. Coulter, who had been a teacher of botany in the Manila Normal School. According to a notice on the cover, it was "Edited under the supervision of the General Superintendent of Education."

A GOVERNMENT ORGAN

Regardless of this supervision by the chief of the Bureau of Education, however, the magazine was considered an organ of the entire government, the aim being, according to an editorial in the first number, "to reach, through the school teachers, the whole body of the Philippine people with matters that pertain to the whole work of the government and the education in physical, civic, and moral duties which it offers through all its bureaus to the Filipino people".

The first four numbers were purchased by the government and distributed gratis to all teachers, American and Filipino,

and to all municipal presidents, justices of the peace, and other civil officials.

THE MAGAZINE HAS TO SHIFT FOR ITSELF

After those first four numbers, the Magazine had to shift for itself, although it was given all possible official support and encouragement. General Smith, then Secretary of Public Instruction, was very much interested and volunteered to share with the editor whatever deficit there might be on the first two numbers gotten out independently. The June, 1905, issue was the last to appear with the notice that it was edited under the supervision of the General Superintendent of Education.

SYDNEY A. CAMPBELL

Coulter was compelled shortly to make a visit to the United States, and from July to November, 1905, Sydney A. Campbell, Division Superintendent of Schools of Cavite, was given special permission by the Bureau of Education to edit the magazine in addition to his other duties during Coulter's absence.

FRANK R. LUTZ AND
"PHILIPPINE EDUCATION"

Coulter returned in November, but after a few months made an arrangement with Mr. Frank R. Lutz, then principal of the Sampaloc Intermediate School, to take over the magazine, which he did in April, 1906, Coulter selling out to him and returning to the United States.

It was Mr. Lutz who changed the name of the magazine to "Philippine Education" (June, 1906). The sub-title read: "A monthly devoted to the Philippine problem—educational, industrial, commercial, financial, social".

VERNE E. MILLER TAKES CHARGE

The next year, Lutz, too, was compelled to return to the United States, because of the illness of a little son. After casting about for someone to look after the magazine during his absence, he wrote to Mr. Verne E. Miller, then acting Superintendent of Schools for Rizal, the following letter, dated October 18, 1907:

Dear Sir:

I want a good man to look after the interest of Philippine Education while I am gone and possibly to stay on the staff after I return. Would you entertain a proposition from me to connect yourself with the paper, at least during my absence? An early reply would be appreciated.

Very respectfully,

(Sgd.) E. R. Lutz.



VERNE E. MILLER, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF PHILIPPINE EDUCATION COMPANY.

Mr. Miller came to an agreement with Lutz and put in his resignation from the Bureau of Education, but this was not accepted, Assistant Director Frank R. White suggesting that, inasmuch as the work of editing "Philippine Education" was so close to that of the Bureau, he could easily obtain leave. This proved to be the case, and Mr. Miller began work on the publication on October 28, 1907.

THE FIRST OFFICE

The office of the magazine was in Room 5, upstairs, in what had formerly been called the English Hotel. The Masonic Temple now stands on the site. One had to go through the entrance to a livery stable to reach the editorial sanctum. Below was a barbershop, and next-door was the tailor-shop of Ah Sing.

Mr. Miller conducted the magazine and the small book business which was just starting in connection with it, until the return of Mr. Lutz in March, 1908. Although it was only a one-man, one-desk business, the only book kept was a paper-covered "cashbook", customers signed chits for the few books they bought, and what money was taken in each day was kept in a pasteboard box hidden behind some books on a shelf at night. Mr. Miller saw visions of future possibilities, and decided to accept the half-interest in the business now offered him by Mr. Lutz. Miller resigned from the Bureau of Education, went on a short vacation to the United States, and, returning to the Philippines in September, 1908, took full charge of the business. A week later, Mr. Lutz went to America and never returned.

BUILDING A BUSINESS

The Company now used the name, "Philippine Education Publishing Company". Mr. Miller managed the business, and Mr. Lutz looked after the United States end.

In December, 1908, Mr. Lutz wrote to Miller:

I was greatly impressed with the favor we have won with the publishers in Chicago and New York. Without exception, they are well pleased with us. They are slowly but surely getting such confidence in us that we can get the best from them they are capable of giving us I have assured them that the utmost confidence can be placed in you One good old reliable house remarked that they had never seen such promptness. "Why", they said, "your statements are made out every time on the same day of the month, and we wish we could get such reports from all our consignees" It made me feel so good, this trip to New York, to have people almost solicit our business, instead of my having almost to beg them for their books

Some time later he wrote:

It will never do to fail to meet our bills. Just as soon as this happens, we are all in. Publishers here have not forgotten their losses in Manila through dealers who failed badly. They are still uneasy, and we simply must never fail to be prompt in meeting our bills

To which Mr. Miller replied:

All book companies have received remittances from me every month. I have never failed a single one.

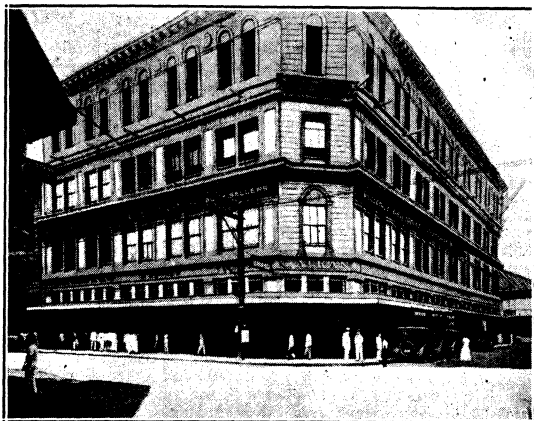
But establishing a business, is no easy matter. Following is a letter from Mr. Miller to Lutz, written in 1909, which shows business-building in the raw—inventories of stock, new systems of bookkeeping, catalogues, advertising, over-due bills, held-up orders, loans, work, worry, small gains, hope in the face of odds:

At last the catalogue is about ready to send out. I have had 6,000 printed and will send them broadcast in the Islands and to the schools along the China coast. It can be improved upon in many ways, but it will do as a first one. Our task now is to keep the books in stock

You will realize now that we are in a larger business, that our system of bookkeeping is hardly adequate. So I am opening a full, double-entry set of books

I have been over our whole stock and have made an inventory of all we own

Our trade in books is good, but the magazine business is not increasing as it should. I have circulars with our premium offers out in the field and hope to get results



THE HOME OF PHILIPPINE EDUCATION COMPANY

I have done some advertising in the daily papers in order to draw the Manila trade, and that has helped some

During the past few months I have been at my wits' end to pay our bills, and have received knocks from all quarters In order to pay Flanagan's bills I had to borrow money at 15 per cent. Before that it was almost impossible to get it at any figure. All my friends were short, and I did not know where to go for it. If I am given a little more time, we shall pull through

I am afraid I have lost all of Appleton's business here on account of their holding my orders. It is impossible for us to pay them 60 days from shipment. If they can't wait longer than that, we don't want their business. The last order reached here 90 days from the date of invoice. I will not pay for books before they arrive

You will see by our report that our book sales are larger than ever. We are selling to a larger circle than ever before

I am working hard, just as earnestly as possible. I put in long hours, and am giving the most careful attention to the details of the business I shall push the business for all I am worth in every way

The capital of the Company at that time was P9,495.18, the resources amounted to P15,451.80, and the liabilities to P5,956.62.

"Philippine Education" was converted into an exclusively teachers' magazine. Mr. Miller realized that such a magazine would help build up his business, and he was of the opinion that it was not yet the time for a magazine of general interest because of the relatively small reading public.

MORTIMER J. HAZELTON

About this time, Mr. Mortimer J. Hazelton joined the Company on a part-time basis, handling the advertising for the magazine, making trips to the provinces, etc.

34 ESCOLTA

In October, 1910, the Company moved its quarters from the little upstairs room at 90 Escolta to No. 34 Escolta. The move meant an increase in rent from P40.00 a month to P400.00, and for a while the consequent increase in sales did not make good the difference. "We had a terrible time," says Mr. Miller. "I remember how we sweat. Hazelton and I were on the job from morning till night. We saved in every way we could. We did our own bookkeeping in the evening."

In writing to Mr. Lutz about this, Mr. Miller said:

We have outgrown our rooms upstairs You know how undesirable the entrance to the old place was and how hard it was to find our store. We have therefore taken one of the new stores on the ground floor of the old Paris building which has been remodeled. It is the best location in Manila as all cars stop in front of the door. We will have a large show-window and two entrances. With our stock in such a location, we expect to do some business

Mr. Lutz had been inquiring about profits and dividends. Mr. Miller replied:

Relative to putting aside 10 per cent of the profits each month, I would like to know how we can do this when we have to keep buying stock continually.... There will be no profits or dividends to be declared for some time yet. Instead of taking out, I expect to put money into the business for several years yet at least, before it will be on a dividend-paying basis....

In connection with our change of location, you can clearly see that there will be a greater demand upon us for books of all kinds. We have put in a small line of stationery.... and also have added a magazine department. As you know, all these extra things require money. In order to do the business justice, we ought to add at least \$5,000 gold to the capital between us at once. I am ready to raise my share of the amount, provided you will do your part....

You wanted to know whether I would be willing to sell my share of the business and my price, but in reply I will state that I am satisfied to keep my share of it for some time yet and am not ready to sell. I am preparing to live in the Islands for some years if everything goes well, and there is no other business in the Islands that appeals to me more....

We have a fine business. It is growing fast. The store is located on the busiest corner in Manila. If you could step into our store, almost any day you would hear some pleased customer remark, "What a fine store this is!"

COMPETITION

The Company did not have an open field, by any means. There was plenty of competition. In 1904, when the magazine was started, there were no less than ten stores selling books and stationery on or near the Escolta, and in succeeding years other concerns appeared on the scene to bid for the trade. Among these were the American Book and News Co., Inc., Germania, La Flor de Cataluña, Lambert & Presbey, Libreria de Colon, Manila Book and Stationery Co., E. C. McCullough & Co., Inc., Van Buskirk, Crook & Co., John R. Edgar Co., Kemlein & Johnson, V. Castillo, the Echague Book Store and others.

In 1911, the Company effected its first merger by absorbing the Libreria de Colon. The American Book and News Co., Inc. and the John R. Edgar Company sold out to McCullough's, and in 1915, Philippine Education Co., Inc., bought out McCullough's book and magazine department. A number of other businesses were absorbed by the Company, as will be recounted later.

MR. HAZELTON BUYS OUT LUTZ

The business was growing so rapidly, that Mr. Miller began to urge Mr. Lutz either to come back to Manila and help him manage the business, or to sell to someone who would do so. "It would be much better for both of us," he wrote, "for you to be on the ground here. I must have help, and naturally, one who is interested in the business can help much better than an outsider."

The up-shot of it was that Mr. Lutz sold out to Mr. Hazelton, who now became a full partner with Mr. Miller.

THE COMPANY IS INCORPORATED

The next step was to incorporate the Company, which was done December 28, 1912, with a capitalization of P100,000. This was increased to P175,000 in 1917, and to P255,000 in 1924.

HAZELTON SELLS OUT

For twelve years Mr. Miller and Mr. Hazelton remained the principal stockholders in the Company, as they had been partners before. In 1924, Mr. Hazelton decided he wanted to return to the United States, and sold his interest to Mr. Miller who remained in full control. Mr. David G. Gunnell, the treasurer of the company, Mr. Daniel Marshall, former vice-president, and Mr. Bernardo A. Sison, the first Filipino stockholder and the present secretary of the Company, also held blocks of stock. Mr. C. W. Rosenstock, the present vice-president, also acquired an interest in the Company at this time.

THE MAIL-ORDER DEPARTMENT

The mail-order department was one of the first to be established as a separate department. For the past seven years, Mr.

Carlos Cabrera, who joined the Company in 1915 as a clerk, has been the manager.

THE WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT

The wholesale paper and office supply department was established in 1920 with Mr. Jose Calero as the manager. This department also manufactures writing pads, composition books, and record books of various kinds which before were imported from the United States.

THE MANILA PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Manila Publishing Company, organized by Mr. Robert Lyons in 1920, was taken over by the Company in 1924, and is now the subscription book department, selling sets of books on the installment-payment plan—encyclopedias, law, medicine, engineering, and business books, sets of the classics, music collections, etc. The manager of this very successful business since it was taken over by the Company is Mr. Vicente C. Almoalla. Branch offices in Cebu and Iloilo are under the management of Mr. G. W. Workman and Mr. Pedro G. Velasco, respectively.

THE COMPANY MOVES AGAIN

In September, 1925, the Company moved again, from the location at 34 Escolta, where it had remained for fifteen years, to a modern, three-story concrete building on the corner of the Escolta and Calle Pinpin. In this building, the Company occupies a large store on the ground floor, and more than half of the second and third floors. But the business has since 1925 expanded so rapidly, that still more room is necessary, and at present a fourth floor is under construction, the larger part of which will be occupied by the Company.

The entrance to the retail store is on the Escolta. Here one may obtain the latest American and European fiction, recent and standard general works, magazines, stationery, and various novelties. On the mezzanine floor is a lady's rest room where one may sit down in an easy chair and read. There is also a public telephone and a dressing room. An elevator takes one up to the second floor where are the school book and supply department, the picture department, the subscription book department, the wholesale department and also the offices of the general manager. The third floor is given over to the Manila Letter Shop and to a stock room for retail and mail order business. On the fourth floor are located the publishing department, the mail order department, and the shipping department. There is also a rest room for employees.

ROSENSTOCK'S MANILA CITY DIRECTORY

That same year, the Company acquired Rosenstock's Manila City Directory from Mr. C. W. Rosenstock. This is one of the oldest and best-known publications in the Far East, founded by Mr. Rosenstock in 1903. At present, it is not only a directory of Manila, but also of the provinces, and is an important publication in the business life of the Philippines.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

In January, 1926, Mr. Roy D. Bennett, after long and distinguished service in the Bureau of Education, joined the Company as manager of the educational department. During his two years of service with the Company, the sales in his department have doubled. He is now a stockholder and a member of the board of directors.

THE MANILA LETTER SHOP

The Manila Letter Shop was purchased by the Company in 1926, its original organizer and manager, Mr. W. G. Frisbie, being retained as manager. This company is now the direct-by-mail advertising department, and also does mimeographing, multigraphing, addressing, etc., for outside firms. Mr. Frisbie sends out some 2,000,000 pieces of mail matter every month.

THE RETAIL DEPARTMENT

The present retail store, one of the finest in Manila, and the retail department, is under the management of Mr. Carl
(Continued on page 54)

The Faery Fiend

BY CHARLES S. BANKS

THE faery is the good; the fiend is the bad. The faery brings pleasure, joy, happiness; the fiend blights pleasure, kills joy, destroys happiness. The faery is painted in bright, agreeable colors; the fiend is the essence of darkness, ugliness, illness. The faery is a being of sunshine, lightness, flitting; the fiend is a creature of the night; the unkind purveyor, the crevices, the crypts, the caves; crawling, skulking, cringing, destroying.

You have the pictures; they have been yours since your earliest childhood. They are engraved deep in the mass of your memories; they hold you as by a spell and the names alone are sufficient to bring back the images vividly to your present thought. No one of you but would recognize a faery on sight, no soul who does not dread the thought of some day meeting a fiend—or is it rather some night?

But what about this new combination of faery and fiend? How, by all the laws of mystery, the rules of tales and the logic of stories can a faery be, by any stretch of the imagination, a fiend or how can a fiend change his spotted character and faerify his unsavory reputation?

THE ORCHID

I have a friend. He lived long in the mystery island of Samar where wonderful things await the traveler. There one finds the "Specter," not the ghost kind, but the real zoological kind that has eyes like big agate marbles. My friend sent me some pictures of the specter. I wished him to send me a living specter. It would have been nice to have owned a real specter, but instead of this, when he came to Manila more than three years ago preparatory to taking a bride, he brought me a beautiful orchid. Of course it is somewhat redundant to say "beautiful" when speaking of orchids, for they are all beautiful, beautiful in their self-satisfied attitude toward all the rest of Nature, beautiful is their seeming independence of existence, beautiful in their ability to live on so little of what we might call "solid" food, so few of them sticking their feet in the ground, beautiful in their response to the ministrations of water and the caressings of stray rays of sunshine, most beautiful of all in their generously given blossoms, all alike and all different.

To the dwellers in snow-lands the very mention of orchid conjures up the acme of luxurious spendthrift. Five dollars a blossom is but recompense for the florist's poorest offerings and five hundred will not buy some certain plants of this tribe. But here in this Garden of Eden there is no end to the variety which the orchid lover can possess. It is not stated that Noah took plants into the Ark, but if he did not, he certainly left two of each kind in the Philippines and they have obeyed the divine injunction with all the energy of their beings.

But my little white-butterfly orchid!* When I received it at the hands of my generous friend, it was contained in a pretty, painted basket of coconut-husk. Of course it grew. It really outgrew its coconut-husk basket. It responded to two things, water and sunshine. It sent its creeping, snake-like roots or root-like organs all over the outside of the basket. They reached out into the air like pointing fingers, usually turning toward the interior of the house, since the orchid hangs in my dining room window.

And how this beautiful plant has bloomed during the more than three years that it has been mine! As a matter of fact I could tell within eight or ten of the total number of blossoms that it has borne during that period, for years ago I learned that if you would have this particular orchid do its best as a bloomer you should never cut off any of the leaves or old flower-stalks. The former should be left to drop off and the latter just left. The reward will be that at the most unexpected points on what appear to be dead flower-stalks out will burst a tiny green bud which will grow and grow and finally produce from six to a dozen snow-white butterflies one after the other. This remark could well lead us off on the track of

why so many flower blossoms really look a great deal like butterflies and not a few butterflies look like flowers, but, some other time for that. We shall have enough of butterflies before we are through with this tale.

In the 39 months my beautiful plant has rarely failed to supply me with an abundance of beautiful flowers and when it did fail there was a reason just like the reason for the human not flourishing when neglecting to eat a certain brand of cereal or a certain kind of dog biscuit.

As I have said, the plant came more than half way in its response to water and sunshine; it gave its beauty lavishly and everyone was content, my friends, my casual visitors, my neighbors, and myself.

Orthodox, bona fide faeries are not supposed to come when all goes well with us humans. If they were designated by up-to-date terms they would better be called efficiency engineeresses (all faeries are female I am told). They are the suppliers of bean-stalks, pumpkin coaches, steaming porridges, branches and golden cups, magic looking-glasses, blue lights and other such magic trappings. We never need faeries when things are turning to our liking.

So it is also that fiends intrude in places where contentment sits by the fireplace and where fortune is stored in the well-kept bins and strongly bound chests. They seem destined to appear when they can sit and mock man's self-satisfied mien and cause him to weep ere he has begun to laugh.

That faeries fair and foul fiends should e'er be one is too much, far too much for our little wits. One or other but not both one. That spoils all reasoning, makes a mockery of our credulity, opens our eyes, unseals our understanding, and brings us face to face with the question of whether it were not better to know less and hence believe more.

THE FAERY

After all, a faery is a faery and here let me introduce you to mine. A blue faery, all in blue she came, her garments only slightly touched with grey as an evidence of her modesty. Tiny she was and shy, most shy and oh! so dainty in her coming! She needed the bright, sunny mornings or the half clouded afternoons as proper for her debut. Flitting here and there, now vanishing entirely from my somewhat keen sight, as she turned this or that corner quicker than my eye could follow her.

She came on gauzy or semigauzy wing, as all faeries come, dancing, tripping, and mayhap humming some faery tune too fine for mortal ear to catch. In and out she wove her way through the shrubs and vines and undergrowth, past wide, flaming flowers flaunting their colors to the most prosaic passer-by. By these she was not turned aside. They made no impression upon this modest faery. Hers was another, a far more modest errand. She would not be lured by reds or purples or blazing yellows and oranges. She stole along on palpitating wing nor paused until she saw the snow-white beauty of my orchid flowers. Or did she see them? May be it was scent, may be it was some seventh sense, some vibration or emanation that went forth from the very plant itself and guided the modest faery to her goal, for my plant was, of all the plants around, the only object of her search.

Daintily, gingerly, as fearing to hurt the tough, thick, self-satisfied, complaisant leaves with her velvet-clad toes, my faery (I must perforce claim her as mine own) now alights on my precious orchid. The faery and the orchid! Faery for fancy, orchid for beauty, a combination with much of poetic possibility. Yes there was the faery poised upon my orchid, but poised for only a second at a time on any given spot. She seemed uneasy, uncertain, unsafe, and well indeed, she might!

Did I know why she was there? I did, and cursed! Only a mild oath for, after all, faeries are beings just as we are and their impulses come not from themselves but from the things that bind them to their little sphere.

(Continued on page 52)

The Thief Detector

By HAMMON H. BUCK

CATTLE and carabao thieving had been prevalent for nearly a year. Many fields were unplowed and many erstwhile plowmen were compelled to emigrate to the neighboring hills and wrest a living from mother earth by the "caingin" or clearing system.

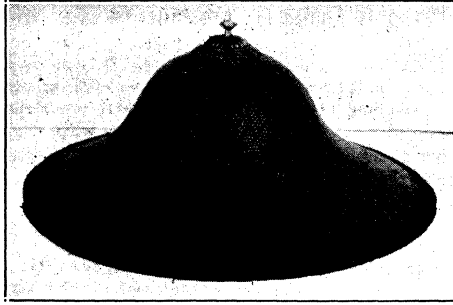
The constabulary had been called in, but the result had been rather unfavorable than otherwise. Ordinarily stolen stock could be recovered by paying a small percentage of its value to some go-between who would agree to search for the missing animal and who would generally recover it, in a short time, in some deserted field or tangled forest. When the constabulary took charge of the search, no one offered to assist in this manner, for obvious reasons.

It was rumored that the constabulary had discovered green hides in the market of a neighboring town bearing the brands of the stolen stock, but owing to a strong political power which protected the guilty officials, further investigation of the matter had not prospered. In fact, as a result of this case, a young lieutenant who had been very active in his attempt to bring the thieves to justice had been reprimanded for lack of tact and transferred by his superiors to another province.

By this account, it should not be understood that the people of the barrio had submitted tamely to these depredations. From time to time cattle and carabaos of strange brands were seen in secluded parts of the barrio and were either passed on to confederates in other towns or were returned through go-betweens, for a consideration. But when accounts were cast up, the barrio had lost many more head than had been taken in.

There was a big balete tree on the main road near the center of the settlement that served as an informal gathering place for the barrio gossips, and any pleasant evening the barrio fathers could be found in session there, their game cocks under their arms or tethered nearby. The topic of discussion, if the apparently chance and ruminative remarks could be designated by so formal a word, was, in these times, cattle losses.

Cabesang Tiago was sitting here one evening when his farm foreman who was his son-in-law, the husband of his oldest daughter, reported the loss of another carabao from one of his more distant farms. "What was Colas," the tenant in charge of the farm in question, "doing, that he didn't watch the corral?" the old man asked, "Didn't his dog bark?" It seemed however that Colas had been away all night, had in fact



THE MAGIC SALAKOT

attended the wake of a recently deceased sister. His neighbors had heard the faithful dog bark and had heard voices near the corral, but were too sleepy or too timid to investigate. "Tell Colas that I have added the cost of the carabao to his debt," said Cabesang Tiago, "and send word to all our tenants that they shall stay home nights or at least have the corrals watched until the trouble passes."

"Valentin's ox," referring to a recent loss, "was found yesterday," said one old man wiping the buyo juice on his sleeve after spitting on the ground outside of the circle.

"Yes," said another, "but it cost him twenty pesos to locate it and then only as a favor since Simo's son is courting Valentin's daughter." Simo was Nanay Julia's farm foreman, an Ilocano, who had settled and married in the barrio. His rise to favor with Nanay Julia was due to his industry and his ability to attend to his own business or rather his "Ama's" business which he made his own.

"There's a good foreman," said Cabesang Tiago. Nanay Julia hasn't lost a single head since Simo has been in charge. His men don't go to wakes and leave their corrals unguarded. Most of his tenants are Ilocanos, an irreligious lot, who think only of work and profit like the Chino."

Old Poro, the barrio wizard, priest, and medicine man, sat on a big root, his back against the trunk of the tree. His eyes were closed and his face was as expressionless as the big hollow bole above his head.

"Tandang Poro," said young Tiago, Cabesang Tiago's youngest child and only son who was a student of law in Manila, home on vacation, and who, by the way, lost no opportunity to discredit the powers of the old man. "Come on now and discover the thief. What good is it to shuffle your feet around among the live coals, if you can't protect your flock from the thieving wolves?"

"Call in the constabulary, my boy. It is their duty to find thieves. We deal with spiritual matters." This was a jibe direct, because it was Cabesang Tiago who had, at his son's behest, called on the constabulary with the result mentioned. "Yes, they'll find the hides," said one of Poro's cronies.

"Nevertheless," said old Poro, "if people had faith, as formerly, these things would not occur. The spirits



MADE TO BE USED WITH A DOWNWARD STROKE, LIKE THE BLOW OF A TIGER.



THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MALAY DAGGER . . .

are offended by so much unbelief and have withdrawn their faces."

Cabesang Tiago gave Poro a shrewd glance and spoke sharply to his son, commanding him to go home and read his lessons. Then as the group commenced to break up, he walked away with Poro in the direction of the latter's house.

The next evening the hollow log in front of the teniente's house boomed out its summons and all the "principales" of the barrio gathered in the small shelter, erected beside the road for this purpose, to hear what new matter impended.

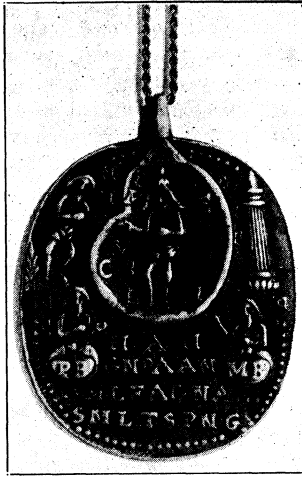
The teniente with his "baston" as a sign of authority, dressed in his black coat with an unaccustomed collar and cravat, announced that on the following Saturday night each landowner was expected to be present with his foremen and tenants to discuss means of stopping the thievery which was impoverishing the barrio. Cabesang Tiago announced that he would donate a young beef for the occasion, and various land-owners promised rice, chickens, and firewood. A nearby distillery of coco wine donated two demijohns of its product. Nothing was said publicly of Poro's connection with the matter but privately the word was passed around that his skill as a soothsayer would be used in pointing out the thief.

The barrio bustled with preparation. In a wooded field adjacent to the baleta tree, immense "cawas" or sugar kettles steamed and bubbled with their savory contents of rice, beef, chickens, and vegetables. A mighty feast was in preparation. The heads of the barrio, as practical men, knew that the best way to gather a crowd was to proclaim free food. By gathering all the inhabitants of the barrio in one place, it was inevitable that the one responsible for the local thieving would be present. It was hoped that under the benign influence of food and wine, not omitting the efficient aid of the spirits, old Poro would be able to detect the person responsible for the unprecedented losses of stock.

As the twilight descended, preparations moved on apace. The local saint was removed from the small chapel at the other end of the barrio and escorted with music to the small shelter erected under the baleta tree, where Poro had directed certain young adepts to prepare an altar for the reception of the guardian saint of the barrio.

To the Spanish priests of olden times the native religious practices had been an anathema to be exorcised by cross and holy water. To old Poro, all religions were acceptable. He explained his lack of exclusiveness in the following manner: "Some say, 'every forest has its snake' but I say, 'every meadow has its flower,' why not transplant each and every flower to our garden." One could almost say that Old Poro, by this show of open-mindedness, evinced more of the spirit of catholicism and brotherly love than the actual ministers of Christ, but we leave this discussion to Doctors of Divinity. On with the story.

Un-ostentatiously Poro left his house, surrounded by a few assistants, and entered the small shelter under the baleta tree to prepare himself for what was to come. He was dressed in old Filipino style and on his head he wore a bamboo helmet or "salakot," pointed and adorned by heavy silver ornaments.



THE MIRACULOUS MEDALLION, CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS ON ONE SIDE AND MYSTIC CHARACTERS ON THE OTHER.

To the initiated the silver-pointed helmet had a significance of its own, and no surprise was shown when the headgear was placed ceremoniously on the altar together with the usual paraphernalia.

The old Malay dagger, made to be used with a downward stroke like the blow of a tiger, the miraculous medallion, said to have been blessed by the Pope of Rome many centuries ago, with Christian symbols on one side and mystic characters on the other, understood only by the initiated, lay on a plate in front of the altar together with the usual offerings, but in addition

were baked cakes or cookies cut in the shape of cattle, carabaos, and horses. The silver-pointed helmet and the cakes were the only sign of anything different from the ordinary ceremonies in honor of the old-fashioned gods. We forget, however, the patron saint of the barrio, San Isidro, the plowman and farmer, whose presence above the altar on this occasion was peculiarly appropriate, for how could his followers, the worshippers of the plowman saint, cultivate their soil without work animals?

The teniente of the barrio, a middle-aged man with some education, who aspired to the office of councilman, had erected a platform on which the musicians had assembled after escorting the patron saint from the chapel. The crowd seeing that the feast was as yet unprepared, had also gathered around the platform. This was the teniente's opportunity and he improved it by exhorting the crowd on a variety of subjects, but the matter of cattle thieving was not one of them, as he could not afford to offend even a thief, who might after all turn out to be an elector. Young Tiago also had budding aspirations but he made a mistake in his speech when he referred rather boastfully to the young beef donated by his father. One of the rough element in the crowd shouted "Oh, yes, we smell it cooking but we haven't tasted it yet."

Everyone knew that this was merely preparatory. It was sensed that the main show, so to speak, would take place in front of the altar from which Poro's voice, raised in the usual opening chant could be heard.

The old dagger was respectfully clasped in Poro's two hands and held on his breast before the altar while he called on the gods of direction to honor the occasion by their presence. Then, very ceremoniously, holding the dagger by its point, he caused it to perambulate around the surface of the plate on the two prongs of its forked handle, bowing like a manikin toward each of the cardinal points. He then caused it to salute the king above, the king below, and the king of the center, after which, holding the dagger by the point, he dropped it from a height of about two inches in such manner as to cause it to stand upright on its two prongs in the center of the plate, held immovable, according to the belief of the faithful, by the equal pressure on all sides exerted by the attendant kings of direction.

He chanted, calling first on the king of the east, who daily restores light to the earth, the king of the west, who in the evening puts the sun to bed, the king of the north in which direction lay the sea, the giver of food, the king of the south, toward the distant mountain peaks, the source of the streams that irrigate the fields. The barrio, it is noted here, was on a

(Continued on page 50)

Editorials

The Twenty-fifth Year With this issue, Philippine Education Magazine begins its twenty-fifth annual volume. This is in itself quite an achievement in Philippine journalism, for there is here no monthly or weekly magazine that is older. We believe, however, that the Magazine has other claims to pre-eminence—such as quality of content matter and beauty of appearance—and in substantiation of this statement we offer only the Magazine itself.

The publishers and the editor wish to emphasize that such success as has been achieved, would not have been possible without the writers and artists who are helping to make this Magazine, and who have not made the monetary returns received their object in contributing, but have striven with us to produce a quality magazine of which the Philippines could be truly proud. We also wish to thank the readers of the Magazine for their interest and friendliness, and the advertisers for their support. All these are contributing elements to the success of any publication, and we here frankly and sincerely give expression to our sense of obligation and to our gratitude.

To publish a magazine such as this in the Philippines is no easy matter, and far more difficult than in other countries, like the United States, for instance, where there are millions of readers, enormous advertising appropriations, and a superfluity of available material for publication.

But difficulties add only zest to the work, and there is always the satisfaction of an increasing number of appreciative readers and an increasing amount of advertising support to hearten the hard-working staff.

We plan to continue to improve the Magazine with every number, although there are things we should like to do that we can not yet do. But the time will come, we hope, when we shall be able to do them and will. It will all depend upon the support we shall be able to enlist, and that, we realize, ultimately depends upon ourselves—our honesty, our faithfulness, our devotion. Here is hoping that we shall not fail in these qualities, and if we do not, the continued success of the Magazine is assured.

Dr. Hideyo Noguchi A cabled dispatch from the United States has told of the death of Dr. Hideyo Noguchi the Japanese bacteriologist and serologist. The death of Dr. Noguchi occurred at Accra, British West Africa, where he had gone to study the relationships existing between yellow fever as encountered along the South and Central American coasts and that prevalent along the Gold Coast. Dr. Noguchi fell a victim to the disease he was studying, and his name is now added to the long list of physicians and investigators who have sacrificed their lives in the effort to add to the knowledge of that terrible disease. These men have not died in vain for the lessons learned through their work and deaths, have placed yellow fever within the category of the

“controllable diseases,” and the more optimistic of those who have been connected with the campaign against it speak of its ultimate eradication. Dr. Noguchi’s contribution to the campaign was in the discovery of the micro-organism that is believed to be the cause of the disease.

Dr. Noguchi was born in Fukushima, Japan, November 24, 1876. He graduated in medicine at Tokyo in 1897 and went to the United States about four years later. He received the degree of Master of Science from the University of Pennsylvania in 1906, and numerous honorary degrees thereafter from institutions such as Brown University, Yale University, and the Sorbonne.

In 1904 Dr. Noguchi became an assistant at the Rockefeller Institute in New York, the institution that afforded him facilities for the long series of brilliant investigations that made him rank with the leaders in his field of study. Following his discovery of a method of cultivating the causative organism of syphilis he came to be regarded as one of the leading authorities on the group of disease-causing organisms to which the spirochaete of syphilis belongs. The organism announced as the cause of yellow fever belongs in the same group. Dr. Noguchi also developed a treatment against yellow fever.

The Japanese scientist did not confine his work to this field, however. He contributed largely to the knowledge of the action of snake venoms and the formulation of sera against snake-bite, also to the nature and action of filterable viruses or organisms that will pass through the finest filters and which cannot be seen under the microscope. He also contributed largely in allied fields.

Dr. Noguchi’s death holds a peculiar significance to this part of the world aside from the fact that he was a Japanese. It represents the breaking of a strong link between Science in the Far East and Science in the rest of the world. Noguchi exemplified more than any other Oriental of the age that Science has no national boundaries and that international recognition rests on a basis of merit—not race. He remained a resident of the United States from the day of his arrival there up to his death. His place in America was as secure as that of any scientific worker of similar accomplishment from any other country. Superficiality and bluff played no part in his program. His achievement was born of the same painstaking attention to fundamentals and details that marks the work of men of other nationalities who are successful in Science.

East of Suez undoubtedly are many young men with similar potentialities who by following in the same path may achieve what Noguchi achieved—who, too, may rise to the heights that would lead to their selection for tasks containing the same potentialities for life—and death in the line of duty, which may be looked upon as the Parnassus of Science.

FRANK G. HAUGHWOUT.

Japan in Shantung Japan's recent action in seizing Tsinan and Tsingtao and the Shantung railway, and, furthermore, seriously interfering with the advance of the Chinese Nationalist forces toward Peking, although not admirable from the idealist's point of view, is natural from the point of view of Japanese national interests. Hostile, or possibly hostile armed forces in Shantung are a direct threat against Japan, and Japan is naturally determined to keep them out if possible. And none of the other Powers have as yet officially questioned Japan's course.

It is one thing to recognize the naturalness of an act, and another to approve it. How Japanese diplomats will attempt to reconcile Japan's latest act of "imperialistic aggression," with its claims as champion of Asiatic autonomy and self-determination, will be amusing to watch.

Dean Maximo Kalaw, of the College of Liberal Arts, University of the Philippines, after spending a short vacation in Japan recently, was quoted in the press as saying that in the past the United States had reason to remain in the Philippines for fear of foreign aggression if it should withdraw from the Islands. But today it is different, he avers. "The whole situation is altered, and this is shown by the way in which other countries are keeping out of China now." He closed his remarks to the newspaper reporter by urging closer relations with Japan. To all of which we shall observe only that the Chinese, no doubt, consider their relations with Japan somewhat too close.

Perhaps, if Dean Kalaw's keenness of penetration is general, the Japanese need not be so diplomatic after all.

Sons of Landowners Wanted to Study Scientific Agriculture

Every once in a while we are startled by the indictment that graduates of our agricultural schools are not taking their rightful place in the development of agriculture. Without going into the verity of this criticism, there is one outstanding feature of the whole situation which calls for serious reflection. There is a prevalent notion which views agriculture as a poor man's occupation and that its study is for people of limited means.

What is actually happening in the College of Agriculture of the University of the Philippines is illustrative of this tendency. The College yearly attracts hundreds of students from all parts of the Islands, the majority of them from poor families. The policy of the University has heretofore been to exact no tuition or laboratory fees, on the ground that their imposition would work hardship on these poor, but ambitious and hardworking students. Without in any way belittling the future of these students or discouraging them in their chosen studies, there is food for serious thought in their final placement in Philippine agriculture. There are people who believe, and perhaps rightly for the most part, that graduates without financial means cannot auspiciously embark on agricultural ventures, and it seems that this is mainly responsible for the apparent misplacement of agricultural graduates in the Islands.

The University of the Philippines has not attracted the sons of "hacenderos" and rich farmers, which should be one of the aims of the institution. Of course, this does not mean that poor students are undesirable in the College of Agriculture, because many have proved successful notwithstanding pecu-

SWEET UNCONCERN!



niary handicaps, although the great majority of them cannot go into farm work after graduation for lack of capital. We can better help the cause of scientific agriculture by attracting the sons of wealthy Filipinos to agricultural schools. Under the present system, we are simply perpetuating the wrong impression that agriculture is for the poor only, thus lessening, in the public mind, the importance and dignity of agricultural science.

RAFAEL PALMA.

A Progressive Tendency Traveling libraries are still a dream in our provinces. The new Russian practice of daily writing the current events on walls or blackboards at the village social center, where the peasants gather around to read, is a plan in civic education that might be feasible in our barrios and small municipalities. Yet it would take time to popularize the idea.

Happily, there is now a progressive tendency to be observed. With the advent of easy communication and transportation, and the increase in the publication of weeklies and dailies in the vernacular, the circulation of periodicals is growing rapidly. The old custom of borrowing newspapers in rural communities has not ceased, of course. But instead of merely depending upon one subscriber's copy of one periodical, other papers are subscribed for and passed around.

In places reached by automobiles and the train from Manila, city papers are now available a few hours after leaving the press. The provinciano gets his Manila news easily, and at the same price it costs in the city. Vendors even make daily calls at the doors of their customers.

A new type of reader has been formed in our rural districts. His name does not figure in the subscribers' list of newspaper publishers. Nor is he a patron of local school libraries. He gets his copies of the various dailies and weeklies from the street vendors or from the *tiendas* near the town plaza. Just now, he is interested in "low-brow" fiction and community politics. If a woman, she looks over the contents of the woman's page. In either case the interest in reading, either for information or for recreation, is genuine. This progressive tendency will greatly contribute to the remoulding of the "rural mind."

RAMONA S. TIRONA.

"Resolutions" and Resolution The International Missionary Conference recently held at Jerusalem is reported to have adopted resolutions to this effect: that the welfare of the native peoples should be the principal consideration of ruling races; and that where one race rules over another, the ruling class should consider itself a trustee, with the duty of developing the natural resources in the interest of the subject peoples, and of helping them to become self-governing.

That is indeed a beautiful ideal, perfectly in harmony with the highest Christian principles. It is an ideal which Christian nations should apply in their dealings with non-Christian and non-European peoples. But unfortunately, the forces of economic imperialism have been too powerful and too aggressive to be within the control of the Christian elements. The missionary elements themselves have had very little to

say in the formulation of policies affecting the relations of a Christian power, with material interests to gain, in a non-Christian and non-European nation. The result has been that the dealings of Christian powers with non-Christians have generally been characterized by un-Christian injustice and oppression.

In their dealing with non-Christian nations, it seems as if the Christian powers have been influenced less by a sense of Christian righteousness, and more by their desire of material gain coupled with the weakness of their victims. On this point, Nathaniel Peffer in his new book "The White Man's Dilemma" says: "Whatever may be true of their relations among themselves, the white nations in their relations with peoples they consider inferior have so acted as to instill the belief that they respect only one quality—force. And I believe it can be substantiated that in their relations with other peoples the white nations do respect that one quality alone. I have told how in a Chinese port they kick elderly men off the street, slap clerks, beat up their servants. Nerves; the pressure of an alien environment, irritating habits, differences of custom. But I have seen the same men in Japan, two days' sailing away. How quickly they control themselves there! They do not boot an aged Japanese out of the way. Why? If they did, a crowd would gather and break their heads unless the police came to the rescue and took them into safe custody. So also in the realm of international relations. Whatever the powers may have done or attempted, they have never dared to go so far in Turkey as elsewhere in the East. Until a hundred and fifty years ago they fought Turkey as a respected enemy. Only since Turkey began to lose military strength has Europe adopted a bullying policy. * * * Has the Turk been 'disciplined'? And why not? Because the Turk can fight."

Let us welcome high-sounding pronouncements emanating from Christian conferences for they inspire us with greater hope in our own Christian religion and greater confidence in Christian powers. But let us at the same time receive those pronouncements with some scepticism. Let us learn to rely less on the sense of justice of others, but more on our own strength of character and determination to secure justice through our own efforts.

CONRADO BENITEZ.

The Cover Series The twelve covers painted especially for Volume XXV of Philippine Education Magazine by a number of leading Filipino painters, will represent the beautiful women of the chief population groups in the Philippines—Bisayan, Tagalog, Iloko, Bikol, Ifugao, Sulu, etc.—in their typical costumes and in full and correct colors. These pictures will be not only of artistic, but of scientific, and, in time, of historical interest. They will constitute a permanent contribution to Philippine cultural life.

Philippine Education Magazine takes legitimate pride in inaugurating and sponsoring such an enterprise. All the work in connection with the production of these covers will be done in Manila. Not only are the paintings by Filipinos, but the engraving and the printing is being done by Manila firms and Filipino workmen.

Philippine Education Magazine is a *Philippine* magazine in manufacture, in appearance, in contents, and in spirit.

(Continued on page 34)

The Chinese Immigration Problem

By GEORGE TARBUTT USSHER

MUCH has been said and written for many years past, regarding the immigration of Chinese in the Philippines. Every so often members of the legislature, government officials, the public press, and others vehemently discuss the subject, and practically all admit that the present status is highly unsatisfactory, yet no adequate remedy in the form of effective legislation has resulted.

Of late there has been a recrudescence of this agitation for remedial legislation, and several tentative plans have been put forward. Speaker Roxas has come out with the proposal that the legislature should enact a selective quota law, permitting 5,000 immigrants annually under strict supervision. Mr. Vicente del Rosario, Chief of the Executive Bureau, while also favoring a quota, has been quoted as suggesting an ultimate limit of 1,000,000 immigrants to be admitted on payment of a head tax of ₱200 each.

Mr. Kolian Yih, Chinese Consul-General, has taken vigorous exception to any restrictive measures, while his fellow-countryman, Mr. Go Quio Lay, chairman of the Kuomintang Party in the Philippines, is in favor of the quota idea, and even suggests that 5,000 annually is too high a figure.

That Chinese immigration presents a problem—a serious one—is generally recognized by everyone who has given the matter even the most superficial study. That this problem calls for prompt and effective legislation seeking a satisfactory solution, is undeniable.

Before proceeding to discuss the problem, I wish to make my own position clear. The present article is not written from any hostile attitude toward the Chinese. Having spent several years in China as well as having had long years close contact with this race both in the Philippines and Latin-American countries, I have a sincere admiration and respect for them. Speaking frankly, however, this paper is written entirely from what I consider to be the best interests of the inhabitants of this country.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NOT A MATTER OF SENTIMENT

If the Chinese Consul-General has been correctly quoted in the press, his objections to any restrictive measures are based entirely upon what may be termed sentimental, compassionate, and ethnological grounds. His statements to the effect that "we are all Orientals," "the Filipinos have acquired a great deal of benefit from the Chinese," "the Filipinos have learned thrift from the Chinese," and so on, may be—and probably are to a limited extent—true. However, such statements cannot and should not be considered as weighty reasons for allowing the present unsatisfactory conditions to continue. Moreover, these quoted statements, and particularly some others of the Chinese Consul-General, are open to serious questioning and objection.

If the Chinese have an emigration problem just as the Filipinos have an immigration one, that is a matter for the former to work out in their own country together with their many other national problems, and one with which the Filipinos need not be particularly concerned.

Such matters as these—matters of vital importance to Filipino national life—must be approached from a rational, view point. National self-preservation is not to be lightly thrust aside on sentimental or ethnological grounds.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

One statement made by the Chinese Consul-General that should not be taken too seriously is to the effect that it is now too late to seek the exclusion of the Chinese in order to protect the integrity and national life of the Filipinos.

The well-known and oft-repeated saying that "it is never too late to mend" is pertinent today. There is hardly any conceivable situation—public or private—that cannot be at least remedied in part by adopting adequate measures seeking such

an end. It is just such measures as these that now require the prompt and careful consideration of the country in order to control—if not entirely exclude—Chinese immigration.

If one gives careful thought to his statement it will become quite evident that Mr. Yih has—unwittingly no doubt—directly admitted that the integrity and national life of the Filipinos is threatened by the Chinese, if not already a *fait accompli*. Consequently, as such a condition is, from the Filipino view point, most undesirable, the sooner steps are taken to remedy it, the better for all concerned—the Chinese not excepted.

CHINESE CONTACT NOT ALTOGETHER BENEFICIAL

While few will deny that the Chinese have in many ways contributed to the betterment of the Filipino race, Mr. Yih's claim that "their contact and association have never produced any bad effects," is a most debatable one, and one which the affirmative side would have extreme difficulty in sustaining.

It is doubtful if the natives have learned thrift from the Chinese. The fact that the latter are themselves thrifty, has never benefitted the country at large to any considerable degree. This is principally due to the reason that their accumulated profits are not as a general rule redistributed locally but eventually find their home in the once Celestial Empire.

Again, it cannot be said that the Chinese have contributed to the moral welfare of the country. Speaking plainly, the opposite is the truth. Opium smoking and the use of other narcotics was introduced here by them, and such of the native population as have acquired these demoralizing and vicious habits—and their number is greater than generally supposed—can lay the blame at the door of Chinese example. This menace has been curbed to some extent but the records of our present day courts of justice go to prove that it is far from abolished.

Nor have the Chinese aided the Filipinos along economic lines. Native enterprise and initiative have rather been discouraged, as it would mean a corresponding loss to the former in their commercial activities. The Chinese are shrewd and long since recognized the fact that should the native population become commercially emancipated their own commerce and business influence would be seriously endangered.

Further facts might be cited to show that the relationship between Chinese and Filipinos has not always been beneficial to the latter. However, space forbids further discussion on this phase and enough has already been said to establish the points at issue.

CHINESE PRESENT COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY UNDOUBTED

It has frequently been stated by those in a position to know, that 90 per cent of the entire retail trade of the Islands—probably almost as great a percentage of the wholesale—is in the hands of the Chinese community. Excepting Manila and a few of the other important business centers, it is exceedingly probable that the percentage is much nearer the hundred mark. A recent survey of the retail lumber business disclosed that 80 per cent of this trade was with the Chinese.

These facts are not cited as being anything against the Chinese; rather they redound to their credit. They are cited to show the real menace that exists and threatens Filipino business interests, which in time, if immigration continues, will become more and more negligible until the Filipino business man will be eliminated from the commercial map of his own country—surely an unpleasant and awkward position for him to be in.

If present conditions are to continue, or, as well may be the case, further strengthened by new Chinese population, then the Filipinos may as well renounce once and for all any ideas which they may be entertaining of eventually becoming an economically independent race.

(Continued on page 47)

The Spoken Vocabulary in Grade One

BY BENIGNO RAMOS,
Division Academic Supervisor for Capiz

THE aims of this study were two: to determine the size of the spoken vocabulary of grade I children and to know which words are most often used.

The data here given is the result of the observations of 101 grade I teachers in the divisions of Capiz, Agusan, Nueva Ecija, Iloilo, Pangasinan, Ilocos Sur, Antique, La Union, Sorsogon, and Cebu. In addition, the writer in his visits to the different schools in Capiz had the chance of coming in contact with grade I children on the streets, on the playground, at train stations, etc. which afforded him opportunity for observation. Not less than 5,000 grade I children were observed from October 24, 1927 to February 20 of this year, the period covered by the study. No distinction was made between grade I beginners and repeaters.

Letters containing instructions for procedure were sent to the different teachers. In brief, the teachers were asked to make a list of English words used by grade I children in their conversation both in the classroom and outside. The following suggestions were made:

1. Observe the pupils at play or at study.
 2. Sit down with a pupil and require him to give as many English words as he can think of (free association).
 3. Converse with a pupil about things within his experience. Let him give the names of objects he sees in the room, on the street, on the school premises, etc. and tell something about them
- In each case, the teacher recorded the different words used by the pupils and the number of times each was spoken.

In recording the different words, all word forms were considered. *Boy, boys, dish, dishes, go, goes, gone*, were each counted as a separate word. Proper names, such as Pedro, Maria, Kalibo, S. S. "Vizcaya," were excluded from the list. Non-English words as *camote, sala, aparador* were included as they are often used in English as spoken and written in the Philippines. Compound words as *one-half, one-third*, remained as compound.

Upon receipt of the teachers' reports, the writer chose the report which appeared to have the largest number of words to start with. Each report was then compared with this basic report. If a word in a report was found in the basic report its frequency was written opposite the word in the basic report. If it were not, it was included as a separate word in the basic list. This method of recording, however, was possible for a few reports but not for a hundred. So after ten or more reports were checked and the words recorded in the manner above described, the words in the basic list which at this time had increased to more than one thousand were arranged alphabetically for convenience. Final rearrangement was made after the words in all the reports were checked, recorded, and the frequencies summed up.

Space here does not permit the inclusion of all the tables in this study. Suffice it to say that there were in all 2,158 different words spoken by grade I children during the period covered by the study. The frequency of use ranged from 1 to 4,279. The following tables I and II show the first 100 words and the second 100 words respectively. The words are written according to their frequency.

In his "Comparative Study on the Vocabulary Used in Grade I Basic and Supplementary Readers" published in the March issue of this magazine in 1927, the writer concluded that a grade I pupil after finishing the basic readers and the required number of supplementary readers will have acquired, from reading alone, a vocabulary of not less than 800 different words. There were in all 2,158 different words spoken or used by grade I pupils during the period covered by this study. The writer believes that the average grade I pupil will know upon finishing the grade, at least 1,000 different words. This does not necessarily mean that he can use these words at will, as liberal allowance should be made for his limited power of

TABLE I
The First 100 Words

I	dog	floor
the	have	afternoon
is	girl	drink
no	there	crying
will	to	finish
can	scissors	father
yes	throw	sweep
go	out	sit
run	water	broom
home	jump	fly
not	see	baby
this	read	buy
paper	get	desk
good	house	flower
play	one	chair
are	little	he
pencil	table	running
my	very	goat
ball	am	chalk
boy	an	stand
you	let	going
give	on	has
book	talking	borrow
do	hat	bread
what	come	close
that	door	stop
here	open	cut
catch	write	big
clean	like	basket
rice	where	box
a	teacher	down
cat	in	grass
your	bring	stick

TABLE II
The Second 100

window	bed	hand
bell	walk	cry
mother	morning	doll
line	kite	round
school	lost	sick
three	pig	old
umbrella	under	be
attention	standing	at
fighting	wash	work
again	quiet	hand
we	went	hear
room	help	did
name	orange	crayola
eating	tree	was
said	coconut	man
fish	knife	many
me	why	late
absent	jar	straight
it	woman	sweet
she	now	of
sister	put	draw
hen	bad	two
envelop	brother	keep
feet	talk	candy
dirty	comb	carry
carabao	horse	found
please	red	hair
excuse	saw	long
flower	eyes	away
sing	fan	yellow
take	up	laughing
dress	us	banana
white	sleep	
blackboard	know	

expression. Constant drill and use of words in different situations will result in greater degree of fixation.

The first and second one hundred words in tables I and II indicate a close correlation with the first and second one hundred

(Continued on page 47)

Take A Siesta— and Read at Night—

to prepare yourself for next year's school work.

The following books are especially recommended by the Bureau of Education for teachers:

<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Price</i>
Osiias	Barrio Life and Barrio Education	₱3.60
Orosa	The Sulu Archipelago and Its People	2.40
Kalaw	The Philippine Revolution	4.50
Barrows	History of the Philippines	3.60
Webster-Smith ...	Teaching English in the Junior High School ..	4.40
Smith	100 Ways of Teaching Silent Reading	2.80
Clark	Unit Studies in Geography	3.60
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Cobb	Graded Outlines in Hygiene.—2 Vols.	7.04
Eaton	Record Forms for Vocational Schools	1.60
Spillman	Farm Science	3.20
Fenton	Self-Direction and Adjustment	2.80
Faucett	Games for Filipino Schools	1.50

BOOKS ON TESTS AND MEASUREMENTS

Carreon	Philippine Studies in Mental Measurement ..	3.60
Dickson	Mental Tests and the Classroom Teacher	3.60
Otis	Statistical Method in Educational Measure- ment	4.32
Pressey	Introduction to the Use of Standard Tests ...	3.60
Pressey	Methods of Handling Test Scores	1.20
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MATIAS P. PEREZ, *Philippine Manager*

A Series of de los Santos Stories

A THIN, neatly printed booklet, in an edition limited to but thirty copies, made its appearance in 1909 from the Fontanet Printery of Madrid. The title "Algo de Prosa" in English perhaps is most nearly "Prose Trifles" for there is a suggestion of modest depreciation that "Some Prose" would not give. The author was Epifanio de los Santos Cristobal and a prefatory note is addressed to his more intimate friends as a sort of general dedication. Then follow nine selections from his early literary efforts, of which the first appears in translation in this issue and the others will follow at monthly intervals through the year.

AUSTIN CRAIG.

Prose Trifles

To my more intimate friends:

THE proof that it is not vanity which has moved me to bring together in one volume some of the literary little works of my first epoch as a writer, you have in the fact that the edition does not exceed thirty copies.

What better demonstration could there be that I have no interested motive in giving to the public again these articles, and I say "again" because all were published ten years ago, as you know, in different periodicals. It is true that on putting them together, I felt a lively desire to touch them up a bit but in the end I chose to scarcely revise them at all. I found a sort of secret fascination in certain lapses, it may be from the fact that these recall times of strife and uncertainty . . .

It is not alone for what this book carries of confidence but also because it may well be the last I shall publish of strictly literary character, that I am sending it to you, you, my closest friends, with the request that you receive it as a slight token of the affection I feel for you.

EPIFANIO.

Malolos, (Bulacan, P. I.), January, 1909

On the River

(A Sketch)

TOWARD the heart of one of the Northern provinces there is a place styled Kabili, well located and encased in the midst of extensive rice fields.

In this town it is the custom of its youth now and then to arrange a bathing party in the crystalline river which encircles the settlement and irrigates its fields.

On one of these occasions, if his memory serves aright the writer of these lines, it was on the twenty-fourth day of November, there was a tardy migration toward those spots.

It ought to be noted that for everybody the bathing in company was always a pretext for a good stomachic diversion.

The morning of this day was especially fresh.

A smiling dawn gladdened it.

The band of bathers in order to reach the river had to take chances on meandering sloping banks in order not to trample down the extensive paddy patches abounding in grain.

The bathing party was preceded by attendants and servants laden with little suckling pigs, chickens, shad, and eels, and other viands, and vessels for boiling and frying.

The young men with their pith helmets stuffed with salvia leaves were intent on sheltering themselves from the sun in case later it would grow hotter.

For the young ladies, the tapis, and some leafy branches they had, sufficed that they likewise would be unafraid.

So they went very happily along the right road that led to the river.

Their shouts and uproar frightened the sparrows and part-ridges that were entertaining themselves by getting the grain from the rice spikes, scaring away in turn the whirling bakaw and swift ticling whose long beak appeared from among the growth of greenery that rose as tall as the cogon grass with which the banks were sown. Some uncouth fellows, naked from waist to feet, who were plaguing the caraballes with cries and stones, from time to time broke in on the noisy merriment of the young people. But right away they would get going again with greater animation till they reached the appointed place.

Thereafter, while they bathed, the young folks were not together; each sex, as in church, had its own spot.

That which the girls occupied was the more enviable.

The bamboos and other shrubbery along the margins of the river formed a heavy hedge or shelter with their branches, so that the sun's rays did not visit there.

The bed of the river was sandy. The maidens, with their skirts almost around their necks, dived and swam like fishes. When weary of moving their arms and kicking in the deep water, they would half open their little mouths, like very pretty fish in an immense fish jar looking for crumbs of bread.

When they played on top of the water, with their tresses floating, and moved hands and feet after the fashion of oars, the water rose in particles like a cluster of jets, each drop forming, as it fell on the surface, wavy ringlets which kept on reforming and growing less. Their cries were a delight as they launched on the air notes so silvery that they are the utter ruin of the unfortunate who is held captive by siren melodies.

Without a doubt Ulysses would have been lost there.

The place assigned to the young men was dismantled and had little shade. Nevertheless they found a means of securing protection. They set in the ground stakes and from them stretched ropes to support sheets. Thus they secured an awning under which they could shelter themselves.

The scene would be animated by some one describing a large curve in the air, leaping from the bank to the water as if to seat himself upon its surface, and in this posture falling roughly into the river.

And, in turn, or all together, they would dive into the water, which seethed into bubbles like an impetuous current dashing among rocks, rebounding in drops as great as a fist three or four meters above the river level.

When the bathing was over, which used to last three or four hours, there followed a rather substantial lunch.

The feature of the lunch was the *plat du jour* (the dish of the day), a crackling roast pig, dripping hot, fat, and giving off a most appetizing smell. Before the unfortunate porker was quartered, he was relieved of his tail, feet and ears, which were served in a bitter-sweet sauce. The principal appetizer was the golden basi, the juice of sugar cane fermented and colored with biluñga seeds which add to it the flavor of Sherry (wine).

Lunch finished, the bathers returned, filing off along a narrow embankment where it was necessary to go one behind the other till the level ground was reached.

As the day was far gone, the sky was obscure. The breeze scarcely refreshed.

But the animation of the group made up for all.

Anew the youth of both sexes were together, with the result that was to be expected; courtesies and compliments followed one another at every step.

"Morena, this specimen of God's handiwork is asking how you diet? I have never seen you looking better in my life."

"And what's that got to do with you, Señor Curiosity, if it is not for you?"

"It makes the whole world's difference, and though it may not be for me, I believe I shall do well to ponder upon it. Truly have you come from God, you queen of . . ."

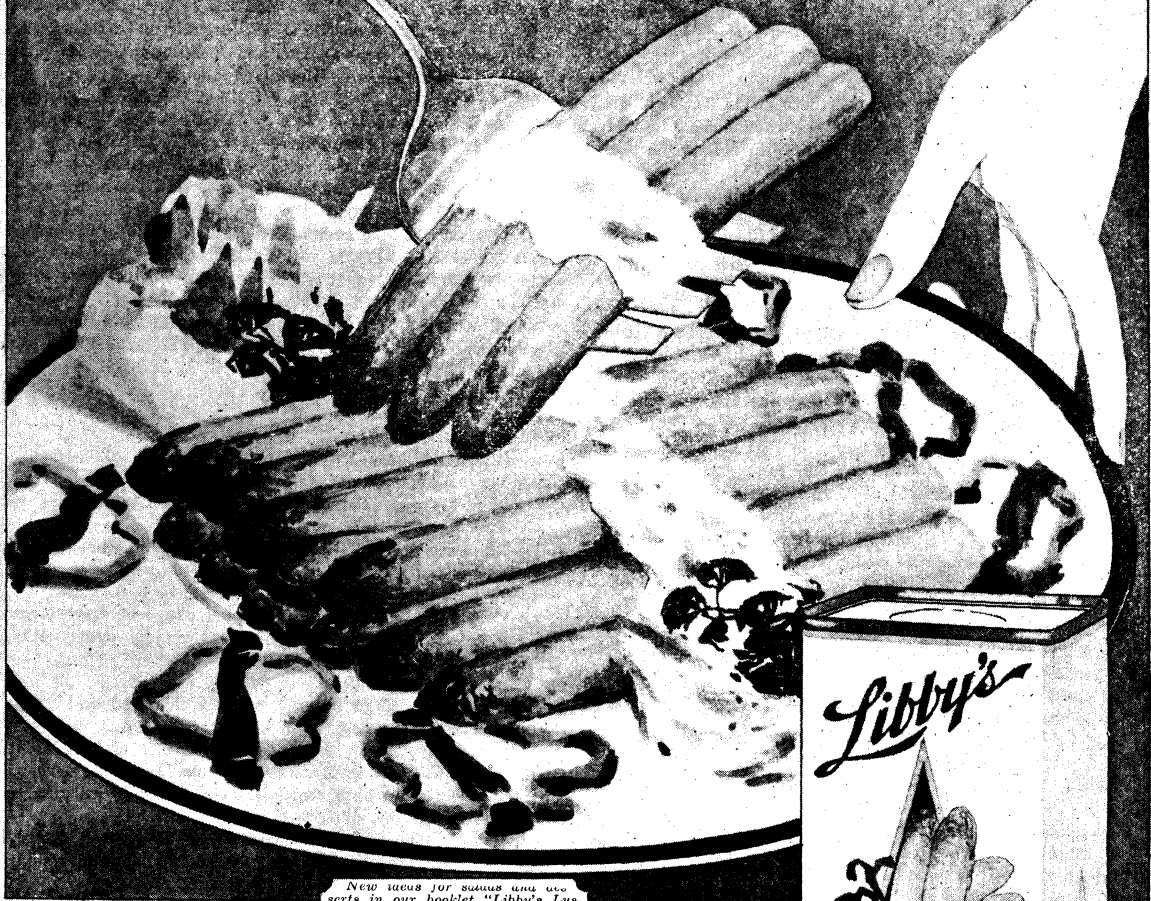
The young man could not conclude because she shot out, with a quick movement of her lips, the bit of guava skin that her teeth were munching, with such good aim that it took him

(Continued on page 44)

Libby's

100 Foods

One of them is
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Asparagus
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Tomatoes
Tomato Soup

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Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ra-gon (beef stew)
Meat-wich Spread
Lunch Tongue

Deviled Ham
Rotted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken a la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
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Mustard
Chow Chow
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(Partial List)

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Once to Every Man

By JOSEPH LAWRENCE BYRD

INIGO Balagtas crouched in the shade of the trees and watched the house. He knew that the woman was in there, but he wanted the man. Patiently he waited, as patiently as he had followed the trail left by the twain from Cagayan to Manila.

There was no need for hurry. The trail which he had doggedly pursued for months ended in that little house across the street. He knew now where the man and the woman were, and knew it beyond question.

Months had been spent upon his quest—months of sorrow, suffering, and deprivation, but through it all his determination had remained firm, and the desire for vengeance burned now with an even fiercer heat than had glowed when he began this search.

Iñigo watched a man walking down the street, his chinelas softly puffing up the dust, and wondered if it could be he? But, no—the man had passed the house and gone on. Iñigo settled down for a long wait.

Even as he patiently crouched there in the deeper shadows, his mind kept flitting back to his erstwhile home in Cagayan and to the girl who had been Clarita Ebro before she became his wife.

How happy they had been—Iñigo and Clarita, during the first days after the wedding and on through the few months that followed. And now, she was in that house across the street, preparing the meal for another man, and anxiously awaiting his return.

Iñigo's hand caressed the hilt of his bolo as he watched another man coming down the street. The watcher tautened as he saw the man near the gate, and then his body relaxed as the pedestrian strode on by the little house. Not yet, but soon he would come. Iñigo knew that—he always came home to dinner about this time.

He had been wonderfully happy in that barrio in Cagayan, had Iñigo—that is before the stranger came. His courtship of Clarita had been fast and ardent, and shortly after Clarita had pledged her troth, they had been married.

The home had been built on the few hectares of land which Iñigo owned and was cultivating. As a result the two had a neat house, with good farming prospects, and the outlook for a happy life was most bright.

The grip grew tighter on the bolo's handle as the youth thought of the happy days he had lived on his Cagayan farm. He remembered the pranks that Clarita used to play upon him, and wondered if she employed the same wiles in holding the love of the man he now awaited.

When Iñigo would return home in the evenings, tired after his day of labor in the field, he would search the house for Clarita. Like children playing hide and seek, he would hunt for her, only to have her spring out upon him from some hidden place she had created for the occasion.

Iñigo again grew tense as he saw another figure coming through the dusk in his direction. Would this be he? Crouching even lower, he peered through the shrubbery and watched the plodder. Again the little house was passed and again Iñigo sighed in relief.

The time must come when the man would return and Iñigo would confront him. But it was not a matter of minutes. The meeting was inevitable; haste was not important.

Clarita had been wonderfully neat about the house, and had kept his home in such manner as to win the admiration and praise of all the older people of the barrio.

It had been a royal feast when Iñigo had finished his harvest and when the newly married couple stood assured of food aplenty for months to come, with money in hand, too, received from the sale of their surplus products.

And then the stranger had come.

At first Iñigo paid him little heed. Such hospitality as the barrio afforded was granted him, but he seemed one of wealth, and certainly had been a traveler. His tales of Manila, Cebu,

Iloilo and Zamboanga had held the home lovers of the barrio enthralled for night after night.

Even when he showed marked pleasure in the company of Clarita, Iñigo had not thought anything was amiss. He knew that Clarita was the prettiest and cleverest girl in Cagayan, and so, it would be quite natural for any other man to think the same. In fact, it would have aroused Iñigo's ire had he not thought so.

If the neighbors sensed anything wrong, they kept their own counsel. Clarita, too, had maintained her pose with a histrionic ability worthy of a better cause. Never by word or deed did she give the slightest intimation that her affections had been won by the wanderer whose tales of adventure and of the gay life of Manila had caused her heart to beat much the faster.

Iñigo would never forget the evening he returned home, wondering what prank Clarita had thought up for his amusement, and where she would be hiding tonight.

The home seemed strangely still and deserted, as he entered the door. Iñigo could almost feel the absence of people. It had never been like this before. Always he would enter to find the house apparently deserted, but he knew that Clarita was somewhere about. This time, he sensed that the house was deserted. And, so it was.

When a fruitless search had convinced him of the uselessness of his task, he went to his father's house, not far distant. The old man was seated on the doorstep whetting the edge of a bolo.

He looked up as Iñigo paused beside him, and then silently handed his son the sharpened knife with its edge like a razor.

"She has gone?" asked Iñigo.

The father nodded.

"When?"

"This morning."

"Why did she go?"

The old man grimaced in disgust.

"She had been listening to that lying fop, and she went with him."

Iñigo stood silent, the knuckles of his right hand showing white from the tenseness of his grip on the bolo.

"Where did they go?"

"Early this morning, she slipped out, and started south. Later he joined her and they started rapidly over the trail. Probably he is taking her to Manila."

"Tomorrow, I follow!"

That night Iñigo brought out his slender hoard of gold, and sold his stored rice and produce to pay for his journey. In the morning he began the quest that was to last for months, and was to end here in Manila—to end in that house across the street—that house into which a man was now turning, and moving toward the steps.

Iñigo waited to give him more time. He wanted them both together. Both must know that he had found them and both must feel his vengeance.

It had been a long search and a long journey, that from Cagayan to Manila. Patiently and carefully he had traced the couple from stop to stop, ever trying to catch up with them, but always thwarted by some unforeseen obstacle.

True, they had only a day's start, but they did have the added advantage of knowing precisely where they were going, while Iñigo followed as best he could, keeping track of them from day to day, but never sure just what destination they held in mind.

The search had brought him directly to Manila. There he had lost them. For weeks he had searched, until his funds were exhausted, and he had been compelled to seek employment that he might live. However, he knew that they were here, and he felt confident that here they would remain.

It was solely by chance one day that Iñigo saw Clarita board a Pasay car at Plaza de Goiti, and he had hastened to the

(Continued on page 43)

"Life Ain't In Holdin' A Good Hand But In Playin' A Poor Hand Well"

THERE IS NO FINER THING IN THE WORLD THAN COURAGE. It is the warm and beautiful flame which lights the fires of ambition in men's souls and burns a forward path through every difficulty.

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Or, as the old cowboy saying puts it:—"Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well."

What if you did have to leave school when you were but a boy! What if you have been working for years at a small salary with little or no chance for advancement! Do you think that makes any difference to a real fighter?

What you have done with your time up to now accounts for what you are To-day.

What you do with your time from now on will decide what you will be To-morrow. MAKE that To-morrow something to be proud of. You can do it if you really try. Success knows no age—no creed—no class. Nothing is impossible in this broad land of Opportunity. The lives of Lincoln—Ford—Edison—Steinmetz—Vincent—Wanamaker—Wahl, and countless others, are proof of it.

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Oh, Gosh! Jealous?

By Dr. ALFRED WORM

COLONEL Jim Lonefellow, U. S. Cavalry, entered regimental headquarters at 7 a. m. sharp, Saturday morning, and the orderly handed him the latest mail from the United States.

The regimental adjutant and other officers of the staff were already dolled up for the weekly inspection at 9 a. m., which this time was to be "full pack", with "housewives" in the saddlebags.

Now, to those "mudwalkers" who have never graced the back of a U. S. Cavalry mount, it must be explained that Colonel Jim Lonefellow did not wish to get acquainted with the wives and sweethearts of his command when he gave the order to have the housewives in the saddlebags. In the technical language of the U. S. Cavalry-man, the housewife in the saddlebag means needles, thread, and buttons for mending defects in Uncle Sam's breeches, which invariably show up in the course of strenuous efforts in a Maclellan saddle.

It is the patriotic duty of every soldier of the "crossed saber" fraternity to become 100 per cent efficient in the use of his housewife of the saddlebag, and for this purpose he secures the services of a housewife of a more charming species to initiate him in the gentle art by means of lessons given, as a rule, under a bamboo-tree on a moon-lit night, after the strenuous hours of garrison duty are over.

Leaving the subject of housewives, we return to Colonel Jim Lonefellow, sitting at his headquarters desk, shaking with laughter, and pointing out to his officers the picture of a cave-man in one of the magazines he just had received.

"That's rich," he said to his young bachelor adjutant, "a jealous cave-man wrenching the arm off the body of the lover of his wife, and hitting him over the head with the dismembered limb. Ha, ha, ha,..."

"Have you ever been jealous, Benny?" he asked.

"Well, sometimes, may be," the young man answered.

"O Gosh! Jealous!" mocked Colonel Jim Lonefellow, U. S. Cavalry, "There are always just as many fish in the ocean as there are caught, and likely a good many more."

"I guess so," agreed Benny dutifully.

Old Sergeant-major Plunket looked thoughtfully at his Colonel and in silence shook his head. Sure, his commanding officer was a fine man, about fifty, tall, straight, and no gray hair betraying his age. But he had a very young wife, beautiful, and had married her only on the event of his promotion last Christmas. Maybe Colonel Jim Lonefellow will change his mind about jealousy. Maybe, some day, sooner or later. And old Sergeant-major Plunket did not dream that his prophecy was to be realized so very soon.

"Well," said the Colonel, looking at his watch, "I better be going and doll up for the inspection. Thirty minutes yet."

Still highly amused by the cave-man's jealousy, he opened the door to his parlor and stopped at the sight of his young wife in company with a young man he could not deny was a splendid specimen of manhood.

His tactical warrior's mind at once grasped the fact that the pair had occupied the most strategic position in the room for an undisturbed tete-a-tete.

Blushing and excited, his young wife sprang up and introduced the visitor.

"Oh, Jimmy, just think of the surprise of it. Cousin Frank has been appointed to the Governor-General's office, and arrived yesterday in Manila."

A colonel must be dignified, and Colonel Lonefellow surely was dignified when he took the hand of the Cousin Frank he never had heard of before.

"The inspection," he murmured. "Excuse me," and he quickly disappeared into his own room.

When the Colonel, at 9 a. m. sharp, mounted the horse in front of his porch, his mighty brow was wrinkled in bad foreboding.

Mild-mannered Captain Baldy of Troop A rode by and saluted his Colonel respectfully.

"What are you loafing around here for? Why aren't you with your troop?"

"Lieutenant Kessel is taking the troop from the stable," the timid Captain replied. "The troop is just falling in line."

"Why don't you go home and sleep some more, if the Lieutenant can handle your troop without you?" bawled the irate Colonel, and rode off.

The housewives of the saddlebags had a hard time on this inspection, and it was worse with some of the troopers who did not have housewives at all, or at least none of this particular kind.

When the regiment was dismissed and Colonel Jim Lonefellow rode over to the barracks to inspect the quarters, he passed the group of "wind-generals", vulgarly known as trumpeters, waiting for the guardmount soon to take place.

"He has his eyes in the back of his head, watching his porch," said a young, girl-faced trumpeter to his pals, "That fellow sitting with his wife sure got his goat."

"What are you talking about there?" bawled the Colonel from his horse.

Colonel Jim Lonefellow frowned, gave the trumpeters the bad eye and his horse a mean kick with the spurs, and galloped towards the barracks.

The Saturday inspection was a complete failure, and everybody looked gloomy when it was over.

"Lieutenant Kessel, why wasn't my horse sent to my house in time this morning?" rasped Captain Baldy to his lieutenant.

"I don't know, sir, but I shall find out," the latter replied.

Lieutenant Kessel sent for the first sergeant.

"Sergeant, the Captain complains that his horse was not sent in time. What's the matter with this troop anyhow? Can't you wake up in time?"

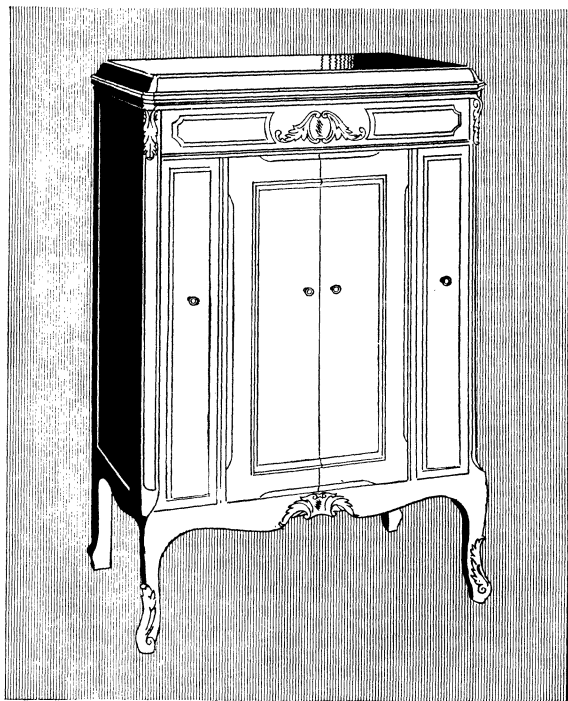
First-sergeant O'Mullin lost no time jumping on private Hanley, the orderly of the Captain.

"You spider-legged horseshoe crab, I will revoke your pass to Manila and spoil your face if you bring that horse late again to the Captain. Beat it before I change my mind and take that pass away from you anyway," he shouted, and private Hanley promptly beat it and made double-time for the street-car.

On the trip to town he aired his grievance.

"War is hell" said Sherman, but he did not know garrison duty, or he wouldn't have said it. I had that horse waiting 45 minutes at the Captain's house, but he never got through kissing his wife and seven children, and when he got to the baby he started with the wife again. It looked as if he was going to war instead of to a Saturday inspection. And jumping on me that way."

His liver still black, his eyes seeing red, he alighted in Paco from the street-car, right in front of the "Last Chance Saloon", and things would have been all right if he had entered at once and cooled his temper with a "stein", but at this moment the cry "shine" sounded in his ears, and mechanically he dropped on the small stool shoved back of his knees. Not that he needed a shine, he was all policed up from the inspection, but it would have been against the tradition of a soldier coming to town not to employ the services of a boot-black.



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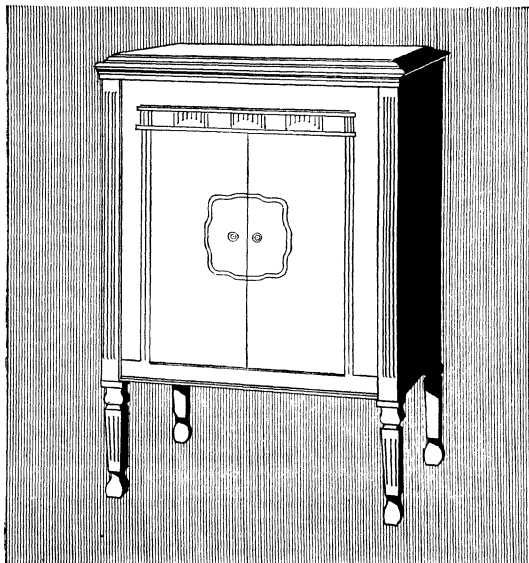


Illustration of the Orthophonic Victrola Model 4-20. Cabinet in classic English design.

"Peseta, Sir," the boy said, awakening him from his reverie.

"Peseta, what!" private Hanley shouted, "Five cents," and a row started with the result that the boy went home howling.

The baby being the first the boy met, received a punch behind the ear, and started hollering for his mother, and while she spanked the boy, the supper burned, and when the husband came home from work, there was none. With an empty stomach, the husband had to go to the labor meeting to make a speech, and disgruntled as he was, he started trouble and came home with a black eye, and all because Colonel Jim Lonefellow, U. S. Cavalry, was jealous of that good-looking cousin of his wife.

Colonel Jim Lonefellow, U. S. Cavalry, spent a very miserable day.

When he returned from the inspection, his wife had left, leaving word that she had gone with her cousin to Manila to introduce him to some friends of hers.

"Cousin, my stirrup," said the Colonel frowning. "How do I know?"

A year before, he had met his wife, then a school teacher, and she had told him that she had no other relatives except a sister in the United States. She had never said anything about this cousin, and now he turned up so suddenly.

For lunch the Colonel went to the officers club and played poker all afternoon.

At 6 p. m. the telephone rang, and the steward summoned him.

"Colonel Lonefellow," he growled into the mouthpiece, but immediately he straightened up and his voice became military.

"Yes, sir, very pleased, sir, at 9 o'clock, yes, sir," he repeated and hung up.

"From the Commanding General," he explained to his brother officers. "Call for dinner tonight. Time to go home and dress. So long."

When home alone, his misery got hold of him again, and he made things lively for the servants. No word from his wife all day.

"To hell with our civilization," he said to himself. "How much better off was the cave-man, or a black king of Africa, who can take a fresh lover and order his cook to make a stew of him."

At 9 p. m. sharp Colonel Jim Lonefellow, U. S. Cavalry, entered the parlor of the Commanding General and stopped suddenly at the sight his eyes beheld.

The old General was sitting with the Colonel's wife and another young lady on a couch, and near them the General's wife was holding the hands of that damnable cousin of his wife, and looking lovingly into his eyes.

"Oh, what a surprise, Colonel Lonefellow," cried the old lady. Just think of it! Our son is married to the sister of your wife."

Quickly Colonel Jim Lonefellow, U. S. Cavalry, stepped over to his wife and kissed her hand with an appealing look, and she smiled at him.

"I wanted to surprise you, Jimmy," she said.

"And poor Captain Baldy," the Colonel murmured, and, for that matter, we may add, poor Lieutenant Kessel, and down the line to the labor-leader with the black eye, and the troopers without housewives in their saddlebags.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 24)

Making Capital Yield Profit

The completion of one more academic year means the turning out of thousands and thousands of graduates from various schools in the Philippines. It should be one of the purposes of the teachers to equip the young men and young women they send out of their schools with such capital as will make for large social returns.

Many have been furnished with the necessary cultural foundation to give them a wider outlook upon life and a better vision of the future. Graduates of voca-

tional schools have been prepared to pursue some productive occupation. All this is well, for it is essential that there be an increasingly large number of men and women with intellectual power and with vocational skill.

One of the besetting dangers in any country is the existence of individual and national waste through forced unemployment, or voluntary idleness. It is one of the purposes of education both liberal and vocational to reduce to the minimum the individual and social waste due to these causes.

One discouraging feature is that even those who have emerged from vocational institutions of learning, and many college graduates especially trained for some definite occupation or profession, fail to take advantage of their opportunity and fail to make their capital yield profit. Some, by virtue of their training, make a success of agricultural work, or commercial activity, or of some occupational pursuit. But unfortunately there are others who with all their training and preparation, waste their opportunities. Some lacking in determination, lacking in courage, lacking in faith, succumb and excuse themselves with the belief that they lack the necessary capital. Of course, such men mean that they do not have money when they say that they do not have capital. But we say that every educated man or woman has capital. The intellectual and spiritual inheritance of an individual is capital. School training and experience should be considered as capital. Enthusiasm, power of self-direction, industry, courage, perseverance, and other qualities with which each individual is endowed constitute invaluable capital. Let no educated individual say he has no capital because he has it in plenty. Let no able-bodied person say he has no capital because he has more capital than he knows. What is needed is to realize that this capital which we possess, have inherited, or have acquired is given us in trust, and it is the duty of every citizen to see that such capital is used that it is properly invested, and that it yields rich, abundant, and fruitful returns.

CAMILO OSIAS

Old vs. New Methods in Child Training

It used to be supposed that:

Children should obey blindly and unquestioningly every adult command.

The child should be forced to do hard tasks for the sake of discipline and will-training.

All hard tasks were valuable merely because they were hard.

Making children do unselfish things gave them habits of unselfishness.

Child training should be a matter of unchanging routine.

Now we believe that:

Obedience should be based on understanding.

The child's interest should lead him to do the task, whether it is hard or easy.

The child's attitude toward his tasks makes them valuable or otherwise.

Unselfish actions must bring satisfaction to the child if he is to repeat them.

Child training requires a constant re-adjustment of routine and of ideas.

From "Children, The Magazine for Parents"

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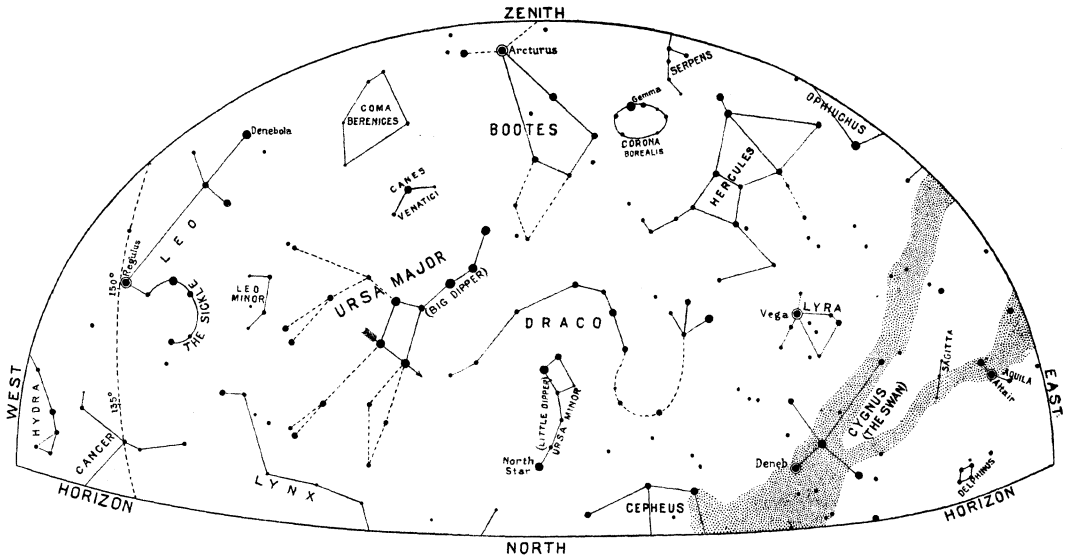
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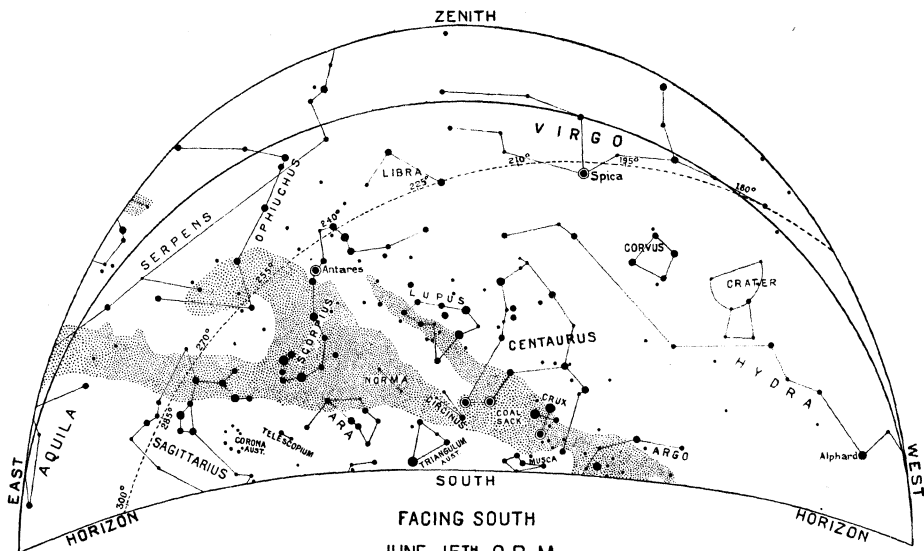
Map of the Heavens for June

Prepared especially for the Philippine Education Magazine

By the Manila Observatory



FACING NORTH



FACING SOUTH

JUNE 15TH 9 P. M.

LATITUDE 15° N.

THE two maps above are a picture of the sky, as it will appear to an observer in latitude 15° North,—very close to Manila—at 9 p. m. on June 15. The same maps may be used with sufficient accuracy for the entire month of June all over the Islands from Aparri down to Jolo. The brightness of the stars is shown by their size upon the map; the brighter the star, the larger its size.

In order to identify the stars and constellations, observe the following directions:

FACING NORTH

Face due north. The point directly overhead is your zenith. Now somewhat less than a quarter of the distance from the horizon to the zenith, there is a second magnitude star; this is the North Pole Star. If you are in Laoag or Aparri, the North Pole Star will appear almost at a quarter of the distance, but in Cebu or Iloilo a little more than one tenth of the distance, between the horizon and the zenith. The Pole Star is now easily

(Continued on page 42)



The Philippine Home—Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald



Interesting Uses for Native Pottery

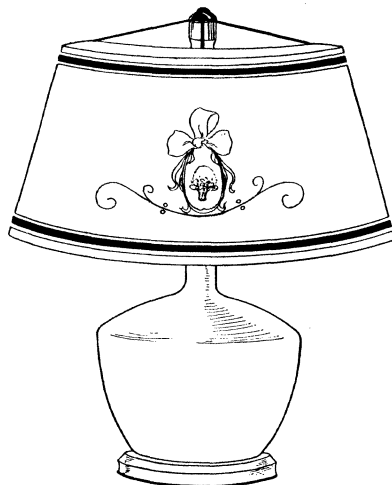
THE ordinary native earthen jar which can be purchased for a peseta or two at almost any market, has found its way into well-appointed homes,—not in its native dress of drab, reddish brown, to be sure, but transformed by an artistic touch into an article of beauty and usefulness.

In the home of one friend who takes pride in things Philippine, I recently saw a most attractive electric lamp. I remarked on its beauty of line and coloring. It was something different, something unusual, and quite unlike the display of Chinese vase lamps which we see so often.

"Yes, I think it is attractive," my friend replied, "and the surprising thing about it is that it cost less than seven pesos including wiring and all."

Naturally I was astonished, and insisted upon knowing all about it. I learned that the jar which formed the body of the lamp, was an ordinary one of native pottery with long narrow neck and graceful bulging base. This had been lacquered a lovely Italian blue. The slender neck had been given a coat of gilt paint to add tone and richness. The jar was mounted on a plain wooden base which had been enameled black. The whole effect was charming when topped off with a parchment shade decorated with baskets of flowers reflecting the colors of the vase itself.

In another home a porch was given just enough life and color by placing two large, wide-mouthed jars painted a Chinese



lacquer red, at the top of the steps. It was a pleasing touch of brilliance against the green ferns in the background.

One clever mother, with an eye to economy and usefulness, conceived the idea of enamelling a tall jar yellow and black to hold the children's umbrellas.

Then, too, we know how much more attractive potted plants look when the pots are placed in native

earthen jars, especially if the jars have been rubbed with floor wax to give them a glazed look.

It is of interest to note that the schools have recently recognized the artistic possibilities of native pottery and the children have been given opportunity to use their skill and ingenuity in decorating these jars with bright lacquer in novel designs.

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IT FLOATS



The Road to Beauty

IT is natural for women to want to look pretty and attractive. Women through all the ages have aspired to beauty of face and form, and never have they lost an opportunity to practice some newly advanced beauty theory, or to follow some cult that promises eternal youth.

Millions of dollars are spent annually by women in the United States for beauty creams and lotions, and beauty shops even in Manila are crowded daily. Too many women in their quest for youth and comeliness seem to believe that it can be bought by the jar or bottle and judge the probable effectiveness of the cream or lotion by its expensiveness.

I would not deny that these latest preparations appealing to women's vanity have their proper place and purpose. I wish only to point out that all the bottled concoctions and highly scented salves that beauty experts can produce, will have slight effect unless you also enjoy that most priceless possession—good health.

If women would only apply just a little of their energy toward intelligent care of their bodies, to insure health, the beauty problem would be solved at a fraction of the amount that is now squandered.

But the primary principles are so simple—too simple, in fact. It is the old story of wholesome nourishing food, plenty of fresh air, exercise and the proper amount of rest.

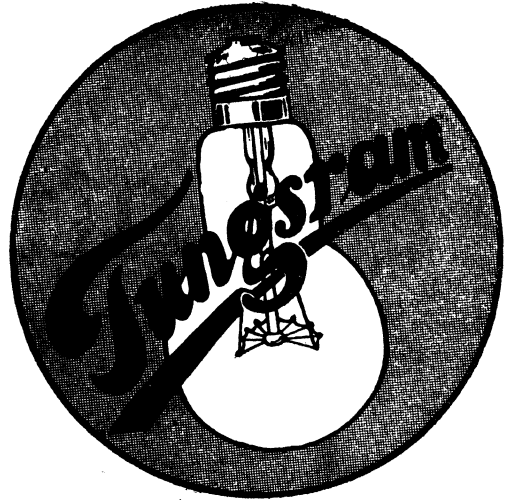
How few women realize that constipation plays havoc not only with complexion, but also with digestion and disposition? You will most certainly be nervous, tired and wholly unfit for any kind of work if your body is clogged with poisonous matter. And it all depends on the food that you put into your system,—its assimilation and elimination.

It will pay the beauty student, therefore, to give some attention to diet. Foods that will help nature in securing regular functioning of the intestines should be favored. Fresh fruits and raw vegetables should have a large place in the diet; cooked green vegetables also, prunes, raisins, and bran.

In addition a few simple exercises practiced daily will be most helpful. Each morning drink two glasses of water on arising, then stand before an open window and extend your arms above your head as high as you can reach. With your arms still stretched upward turn your body at the waist to the left, and then bend down slowly and touch the floor with your fingertips. You may not be able to do this at first, but in time you will be able not only to place your hands flat on the floor, but touch your heels at the back. This must be done without bending your knees. Repeat this exercise eight times to the left side, then eight times to the right side.

Your exercises completed, you should bathe, dress and have breakfast. The result of your twistings and turnings coupled with drinking plenty of water, will soon put your internal machinery in such good working order that a complete evacuation will occur immediately after breakfast. Then you will feel clear-headed and ready for the day's work.

During the hot weather it is always well to cut down the amount of food one consumes. Most persons eat more than they require, or than their digestive tract can properly assimilate. An overloaded stomach and intestine day after day are certainly not conducive to a feeling of fitness. Watch your food—what it is and the amount—put yourself on a rigorous schedule of exercise, and note how your general health improves, how much better you feel, and—wonder of wonders—how your complexion improves! Sallow, lifeless skin will give way to firm healthy-looking flesh, the eyes will be brighter and clearer, blackheads and blemishes will disappear. It is such a simple matter that many of us overlook this common sense road to beauty and physical fitness.



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Hints on First Aid

IT is not an unusual occurrence for one of a group of children, while playing, to sprain an ankle, step on a rusty nail, or fall and suffer a serious bruise.

I have seen mothers turn pale and nearly faint on such occasions. They rush for a telephone to call a doctor, when they might be doing much in the way of immediate relief if they knew how to go about it.

Below are a few suggestions on "first aid" by an eminent physician which I believe are so timely and important, that I am setting them down here for the information of mothers and teachers:

Bruises: Bruises should have frequent applications of cloths wrung out of ice water, which will cause the swelling and congestion to disappear gradually.

Sprains: Sprains are treated much the same as bruises, except that the part injured should be kept at rest for a few days until the swelling and pain subside. If there is possibility of fracture an X-ray examination should be made.

Cuts: If the cut is not very severe, clean it as carefully and thoroughly as possible with a mild antiseptic solution and then apply a weak solution of iodine, equal parts of tincture of iodine and alcohol, and keep it clean with a sterile bandage.

Burns: Burns vary considerably in degree and may be caused by the sun, hot water, or direct contact with fire. In any case if the skin is only reddened an application of vaseline or bland oil may be all that is necessary. If the burn is severe and the skin is blistered or charred, the application of oil should be avoided but the sponging on of a solution of baking soda and water may aid considerably, or dust on boric acid powder and keep the burn protected with a piece of clean gauze until the doctor comes.

THE HEAVENS FOR JUNE

(Continued from page 37)

found by following downward to the right the line of the 'Pointers,' the two stars at the lower left end of the Big Dipper, half way between zenith and horizon in the northern sky. If followed upwards to the left, the 'Pointers' give us the constellation Leo, graced with the star Denebola above and Regulus (the end of the Sickle's handle) below. The end stars of the Dipper's handle point to Boötes with its brilliant Arcturus almost at the zenith. A line from Arcturus to the northern horizon gives us Draco (The Dragon) and the Little Dipper swinging vertically above the Pole Star. Another line from

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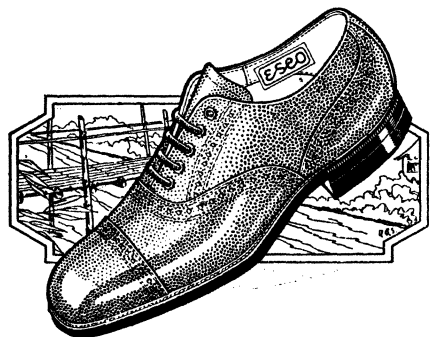
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ESCO SHOE STORE

615 Escolta

Manila, P. I.

Arcturus to the eastern horizon passes through or near the following constellations in turn: Corona Borealis, Hercules, Lyra with its pretty Vega, Aquila with Altair. Below Vega the Swan is rising with the bright star Deneb imbedded in the Milky Way.

FACING SOUTH

Face due south. Rather close to the horizon is the famous Southern Cross, almost upright. Above and to the left of it is Centaurus; Alpha Centauri, the left one of the two bright stars neighboring the Cross, is heaven's nearest star. To the left of the Centaur is Lupus, and after it Scorpius with the ruddy Antares. Sagittarius is rising in the southeast. The bright star above the Centaur in the constellation Virgo is Spica, a line from which, drawn to the western horizon, will pass in turn Corvus, Crater and finally Alphard, the brightest star in Hydra.

THE PLANETS

The only major planet visible at 9 p. m. is Saturn, quite close to Antares in Scorpius. Mercury may possibly be discernible low in the western sky about 7 p. m. At 5 a. m., Jupiter will be prominent high up in the eastern sky, with Mars near it. Venus may be visible part of the month close to the eastern horizon.

ONCE TO EVERY MAN

(Continued from page 30)

same vehicle. Clarita took first-class passage, while he hid himself in the more crowded, and lower-priced section. Near the outskirts of the city, Clarita had left the car, followed by Iñigo, and had gone directly to the house which Iñigo even now was watching.

The rest was a matter of patience and detail. Apparently the two were confident that they had thrown off pursuit, or that Iñigo would not follow them so far. They lived openly and in a few days Iñigo had learned the habits of the household and knew what time the man returned home. The evening would be the best for his purpose, Iñigo decided. Neighbors would be at dinner and there would be less likelihood of interruption.

Iñigo knew that he would not need much time. If he escaped, all right; if not, all right. Nothing mattered now that Clarita was lost to him.

Softly the watcher arose and moved across the street. He trod lightly, silently, but swiftly. His bare feet made no noise on the steps; never a creak betrayed his presence as he tested each step before trusting his weight to it.

He stood in the gloom of the first room, conscious of voices raised in a heated argument.

"I don't know what I ever brought you with me for!"

"And I don't know why I came!"

"Well, you can go back to that farmer you left, can't you?"

"No! That's one thing I can't do."

By now Iñigo, his eyes accustomed to the darkness, had located the door to the other room and was moving stealthily toward it. He wanted his entrance to be a surprise, and so he stepped with extreme caution.

"So you'd like to go back to him, would you?" the man was sneering.

"Yes!..."

The sound of the blow came distinctly through the nipa walls. Iñigo was almost at the door as he heard Clarita's stifled cry, and then the craven yell of the man.

There was the crash of chairs smashing against the wall, and then that scream.

It was a man's cry. An unearthly yell that came from a man's throat. And then, the sound of a falling body.

Iñigo opened the door and rushed into the room. On the floor, as his beating heart pumped his life out of the severed veins of his neck, lay the man.

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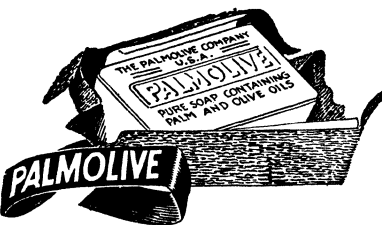
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Crouched against the wall, crimsoned bolo in hand, the other hand across her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible sight, stood Clarita.

Across Inigo's vision came the sight of a little home in the Cagayan. It was on the edge of a field where a happy man joyfully labored at his toil. At night he would go to the little house, enter the door, and play that he was alone. Suddenly a warm, soft body would leap upon his back, and soft arms would go round his neck.

He snapped himself back to the present with an effort. That terrible wail would have been heard by all the neighbors; it would be only a matter of minutes until the police came.

There on the floor, dying, was the man who had robbed him of his home. And the wife that he had stolen had robbed Inigo of his revenge.

Already the voices of the neighbors, coming to investigate—and he heard voices directing the officer this way. So, the policeman had come!

Clarita would go to prison, or maybe she would die. Inigo turned to look again at her, and like the iris out of a motion picture, he saw her standing in the door, of a Cagayan home, waving to a young man who walked joyfully toward his fields.

Inigo sighed and quickly glanced about the room. He glimpsed the empty scabbard from which Clarita had drawn the bolo. It was but the work of seconds for him to step across the room and thrust his bolo into the carved wood sheath. Even as he heard the policeman tramping up the steps and through the front room he wrested the other bolo from Clarita's hand.

When the policeman entered he saw the body of a man on the floor, with a terrible gash from a bolo in the neck; a frightened woman crouched against the far wall, while in the center stood another man, with an incarnadined bolo in hand. This man stepped forward, even as the officer reached for his revolver. But the man tendered the bolo, hilt first. Then he motioned toward the body on the floor.

"He stole my wife! So, I killed him!"

The author, Joseph Lawrence Byrd, died in Manila of heart failure a few days after writing this story. He was a newspaper correspondent, and had been in Manila only a short time. He was a relative of the famous Byrd who was the first to fly over the North Pole.—Editor.

ON THE RIVER

(Continued from page 28)

right in the eye and he had to blink hard for quite a while. So, with blinks and winks, it went on through the afternoon, with scraps of conversation floating around like these:

—"What a little wretch that girl is!"

—"It seems to me it would have been better to have leaped it."

—"Don't be evil-minded."

—"But, damsel of my soul, how long will you make me wait?"

—"You'll wait till I desire it, do you get that?"

—"What a smile for this man!"

—"Tell mamma."

—"You're going? . . ."

—"Goodbye . . ."

At the level meadow two bancas of fishermen were seen. They steered for the fishing grounds where they stopped, busy-ing themselves with their nets.

One of the fishermen got out the casting net and plunged it into the water. The net was submerged by its fringe of large shot and small bits of lead. A moment afterwards he drew it out, completely filled with fine shining fish which flound-ered about in a rage as they struggled to regain their liberty.

The fisherman, one by one, put them safely in his basket.

From the meadow ran a lane which passed through a border of salvias and marsh mallows till it earned in the road for the center of the town. There the party separated, all retiring to their respective abodes, everyone to his or her own olive tree as the Spaniards sometimes say.



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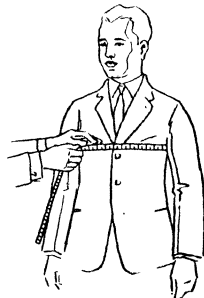
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General Supply Company

Manila, P. I.

VOCABULARY IN GRADE ONE

(Continued from page 26)

words of Thorndike. This shows a common wide use of the words found in this study.

Although the study was not extensive in scope, the writer believes that the degree of use a word has, as judged by its frequency and its corresponding rank, will not be materially affected by additional data.

Out of the words in Tables I and II only 34 are not found in the course of study for spelling in grade II. This shows careful and judicious selection of the words for spelling. Nevertheless, the writer is of the opinion that the words *eating, fighting, lost, standing, coconut, eyes, late, sweet, straight, candy, found, quickly, afternoon, chalk, close, drink, finish, open, out, stand, stick, sweep, your, line, umbrella* and *again* should be added to the second grade list. These words do not present any spelling difficulty. Words for spelling must meet the child's real needs, and these words undoubtedly meet this criterion.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION

(Continued from page 25)

COMMERCIAL INDEPENDENCE PRECEDES POLITICAL

To successfully win even the semblance of political freedom, the Filipino people—as well as any other—must first gain at least the major share of its commercial activities for its own nationals. This seems to me to be elementary.

Let us consider by way of example the case of the province of Shantung. This is Chinese territory, but in name only as the Japanese are to all intents and purposes in control; and why? Simply because the Japanese have gained commercial supremacy of the country and as a direct consequence their influence is strong enough to offset any attempts made on the part of the Chinese to control the political situation. They may do so on paper but not in reality. Many other similar instances might be given.

If an uninterrupted flow of Chinese immigrants is allowed to continue, even 5,000 annually, it will not be more than, say, half a century before the absorption of Filipino commerce by the Chinese will be complete.

As long as American occupation continues, this tendency will be held in check. But if, as is the apparent earnest desire of the Filipinos, American withdrawal should become a reality, the natives of the Islands would soon be brought face to face with the bitter truth that they had escaped from a comparatively comfortable frying-pan only to find themselves in the midst of the fire.

On the other hand, if the Chinese population of the Islands can be held down to approximately its present Chinese inhabitants—not in number but in actual identity—the solution of Chinese commercial domination will in time be worked out automatically. This will be accomplished inasmuch as the number of Chinese women in the country is altogether negligible so that in time Chinese blood will become fused with that of the Filipinos until the former will give way to the latter and the Filipino strain will ultimately become dominant. The result will be that the Chinese throughout the country will practically cease to exist as such.

Between now and that time the Filipinos will have ample opportunity to develop the retail trade and learn to control their own business enterprises in general, with a view to ultimately being in control of the commerce of the country as befits any race that seeks economic independence—regardless of the political issue.

THE REAL ISSUE AT STAKE

As I see it, the real issue at stake has become somewhat befogged by surrounding it with side issues and phases of the question that are not in themselves germane to the issue.



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My Province is

H. E. Heacock Co.
Manila

What concerns the people of the country now, is not that there are probably several thousands Chinese in the country illegally who should be-deported. This would no doubt be desirable, but it would prove both difficult and costly to execute, and it would not in anywise solve the real problem. Let us not waste time in useless reflection on what the results of Chinese immigration have been in the past, nor even what they are at present—these results are patent to all and speak for themselves—but rather let us regard the future welfare of the Islands—the comparatively remote future—as the desired goal. It is for the coming race that the present generation must build if it is to protect it from becoming commercially engulfed by the Chinese.

The question to be decided—and it should be decided now once and for all—is whether or not the Filipino people are to continue to wear this yoke of Chinese commercial domination or ultimately to cast it off and take their rightful place in the sun as a nation that is competent to control its own industrial and commercial destiny, internally to a certainty, externally to such degree as may be possible. In a word it is the national life of the people that is at stake.

VALUE OF QUOTA LAW PROBLEMATICAL

The problem of controlling or excluding Chinese immigration is a most difficult one of approach. It requires, as already mentioned, sane and dispassionate discussion, but whatever the final decision may be—if it is to be of permanent benefit to the Filipinos—the interests of the latter must be the paramount consideration. This does not mean that Chinese vested rights are to be ignored; nor should it be construed as affecting the rights of re-entry of such Chinese as may be absent in China or elsewhere.

The benefits to be derived from a quota law—however selective and restrictive—are extremely doubtful. The entry of 5,000, or any other number of Chinese immigrants annually—and these would assuredly be of the younger generation—would never solve the problem as it should be solved.

Such a law would almost certainly lead to the rankest kind of discrimination and increase opportunity for graft—already reported to be rampant—and, furthermore, it would not strike at the root of the trouble.

The plan attributed to Mr. Del Rosario, to let in a million Chinese on payment of P200 a head offers wonderful opportunities—for the Chinese. These are valuable Islands, and if put up for sale on the auction block would bring considerably more than two hundred million pesos.

I presume there are those who would approve this scheme for the reason that it was proposed by one of the country's leading public men. It is doubtful however, if the Legislature will give it serious attention. It would, if carried out, spell commercial suicide, to say nothing of racial. With the Chinese population approximately one tenth that of the Filipino it does not require any great stretch of imagination to picture the future that would be in store for the latter.

EXCLUSION ONLY ADEQUATE SOLUTION

There are of course various plans that could be worked out that would no doubt ameliorate the situation, but as I see it there is only one that would settle the matter as it should be settled for the benefit of the coming Filipino race, and that is—exclusion.

The adoption of a law similar to the U. S. Chinese Exclusion Act, with necessary modifications, will come closer to settling this long-standing problem to the ultimate interests of the country at large than any other. Anything else will fall short of the desired goal.

As Mr. Go Quio Lay says, "this is your country and you can pass any laws that you feel will benefit your own people." The sooner the Legislature takes Mr. Go's hint and places such an act on the statute books of the country in accordance therewith, the better for the Filipinos and, ultimately for the Chinese themselves.

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THE THIEF DETECTOR
(Continued from page 21)

northern slope which thus gave names to two of the cardinal points "ilaya," literally, uphill, was south, and "ibaba," down hill, was north. Nor did he forget the king above, who hovers watchfully over man, the king below, who controls the secrets below the surface of the earth, and receives to his bosom the bodies of the dead, and the king of the center who controls the inner nature of man and things. To each of the kings of direction he tossed, on addressing them, a handful of the pastry animals as a special offering significant of the occasion. This caused great scrambling among the young boys and girls, and some indignation among the older adepts, who feared that the disorder would offend the spirits, but Poro continued his chant explaining that once the spirits had accepted the offering and consumed the essential or spiritual part of the food, the material part could be devoured by the faithful. Poro was well liked by the small boys.

None of the kings of direction was neglected, in fact their various powers were emphasized and extolled, for upon them depended the outcome of the central ceremony of the evening, the pointing out of the thief.

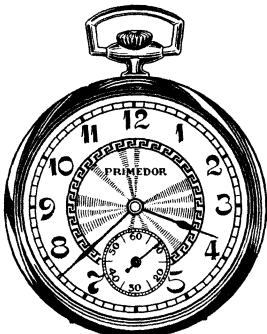
After he had made his opening salutations to the kings of the seven points of the spiritual compass, so to speak, Poro chanted as follows:

O Ye kings of all directions,
Wise ye are in men's defections,
Hear the plea of thy anointed.

In this vale of Eden, hidden,
Is a serpent, vile, unbidden,
By the evil one appointed.

By this dagger here erected,
Leave no sinner undetected,
If he be a native brother,
Stand erect, it is no other.

Quality



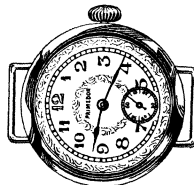
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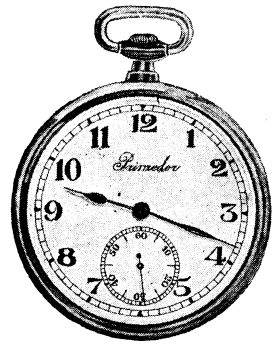


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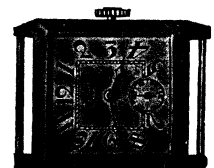


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The clatter of the dagger as it fell on the plate indicated to all the onlookers that no native son was the traitor responsible for the losses that were impoverishing the barrio. Balancing the dagger erect on its pronged handle Poro continued:

If it be some Bicolano,
Some Visayan or some Moro,
May it fall the southward pointing.

Poro glancing from under his bushy eyebrows saw the crowd beginning to desert other attractions and to gather in his vicinity. Closely bunched together the Ilocano settlers, Simo in the lead, were pressed against the side of the shelter housing the altar. He continued his chant:

But if some one from Pampanga,
Some Igorot or Ilocano,
May it fall the northward pointing.

Profound sensation! The dagger fell clattering on the plate its point toward the north star.

Poro stood, and, motioning the crowd to move back, cleared a space in front of the altar into which he herded the dazed Ilocanos with the following words:

Gather 'round, ye Ilocanos,
Igorots and Pampanguenos,
Let the earth-bound spirits, seven,
Fix the guilt that cries to Heaven.

With the Ilocano settlers gathered in a half circle facing the altar, Poro took the silver-pointed helmet and stuck the point of the dagger into the edge of the brim so that the helmet hung suspended. He then placed the forefinger of his right hand under one of the bulging prongs of the handle and motioned to Nanay Julia to place her forefinger under the other prong. Holding the dagger and helmet suspended in this manner, he commenced to chant:

O Bathala, high in heaven,
And ye earth-bound spirits, seven,
To this feast has come a Judas;
Aid us lest he should elude us.

Aid us in our helpless yearning,
By thy wisdom and discerning
Fix the evil one's appointed
By this helmet, silver-pointed.

As though some unseen power were carrying out Poro's behest, the helmet turned slowly from right to left. The group of Ilocanos watched it, their eyes protruding from their sockets with the tenseness of the moment. A number of Nanay Julia's tenants were seen by Poro to glance in a frightened manner toward the left end of the line where Simo had taken his stand, and when the helmet at last ceased to revolve, its silver spike pointing directly toward Nanay Julia's foreman, the old lady dropped the helmet with astonishing suddenness and leaped for the thieving rascal who sank to his knees imploring "Pardon! Pardon!"

"You snake," she screamed her knotted fingers locked in his long hair, "that is where you got the money you deposited with me, which you said came from the sale of your land in Vigan. You put shame on me by stealing my neighbor's cattle and carabaos. But you will pay! You will pay! I have your money and the land I gave to you is already planted with coconuts. You will pay for my shame before my neighbors. Were there no strangers you could rob that you must steal from the people who fed you?"

The hubbub was general. Poro watched the result with a look of benign satisfaction. Some of the more excitable young men led by young Tiago were bent on man-handling the culprit, but the teniente grasping his "baston" firmly in his hand blew his policeman's whistle until the tumult subsided. The older heads took charge of the prisoner and led him to Cabesang Tiago's house for a long conference which left Simo stripped of his wealth but a free man, and still in charge of Nanay Julia's farming operations. The crowd, secure in the knowledge that all losses of animals would be made good, did full justice to the

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To enable pupils attending the public schools in the provinces of Nueva Ecija and Pangasinan to properly participate, with the help and guidance of their teachers, in the BARRIO SCHOOL CONTESTS in these two provinces, the time heretofore announced for the contests has been changed to include the period from June first to November thirtieth, 1928.

The rules covering the contests, and the prizes to be awarded, are unchanged.

The contests in Nueva Ecija and Pangasinan are separated and prizes as announced will be awarded in each province.

SEÑORITA SOAP WRAPPERS may be sent or brought to the office of the Philippine Manufacturing Co., 244 David, Manila, and should be accompanied by a letter stating the number of WRAPPERS, the name of the school boy or girl who saved them, and the name of the Barrio or Elementary School to which they are to be credited. Wrappers received after November 30, 1928, will not be counted in these contests.

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feast, so everyone was happy except the rascally Simo, who after all had not fared so badly.

Cabesang Tiago summed up the situation the next evening under the Balete tree with the following sincere tribute to Poro's adroitness. "Others capture the prisoner bleeding or dead, but Poro captures without wounding."

THE FAERY FIEND

(Continued from page 19)

This faery then, this tiny blue butterfly, with speckled, metallic wings, with eyespots and tiny wing-tails to disguise her when sat still, came to my orchid for a real, definite purpose, so real, so definite that I need not have watched her to know what that purpose was. I might have stepped to my library shelves and taken down any of half a dozen books to read therein that one of the greatest enemies of orchids, in their native lands as in the lands of their adoption, are the members of the butterfly family † known as the gossamer-wings, the coppers, blues and hair-streaks.

Knowing all this and much more from personal observation, I watched the faery butterfly linger and depart, straightway forgetting her and her kind in the tasks that loomed larger for me. But faeries leave their mark and fate made no exception in the case of my faery. In a few days I noticed that the fullblown flowers of my orchid were disappearing bodily in all their pristine health and robustness. Flowers of this orchid had hitherto dried up and dropped off the plant one by one.

Then I began to look over my plant for I knew all along that the faery butterfly in her fittings had really been laying her eggs, eggs so tiny that they are practically invisible to the naked eye. In reality they are only about half the size of a period in the type on this page.

THE FIENDS

From these tiny eggs had hatched the slug caterpillars, beautiful objects when viewed with the naturalist's eye, rounded,

flattish, pale green, velvety-surfaced, just like a tiny slug or snail, and moving from place to place much as these creatures do, by a gliding, sinuous motion hardly calculated to attract the eye of the sharpest bird looking for caterpillars.

They are sedulously attended by ants for the sake of the honey they secrete in two tiny glands on the back near the tail end. Trust ants to find sweets! The caterpillars grow and grow and devour flowers, buds, tiny green flower-shoots, flower stalks and even the thick, life-holding leaves of the orchid. Then it is that one begins to notice that there are no more flowers taking the place of the old ones. The vitality, as well, is being let out of otherwise vigorous plants and something must be done.

With me it was, at first a case of letting the little fiends finish their work, attain their growth, prepare to become pupae, and then the job of hunting them in the crevices and folds between the leaves, putting them into breeding jars, and getting the wonderfully colored, perfect adults as they emerged. But after a suitable supply was on hand sentiment got the better of science and whenever the slug caterpillars were found they were ruthlessly grabbed off and thrown into a jar of alcohol. Even in this the naturalist instinct asserted itself.

But how was I to keep my beautiful plant free from these fiends? I soon realized that there is no such means within human power. It is simply a matter of a hand-to-hand fight with the faery fiend and all the advantage on her side, advantage of nature: these butterflies must lay their eggs on this particular type of plant in order that the race may survive—just like us; advantage of persistence: I could not watch every minute in the day to see that no *Lycaenid* butterfly laid her eggs on the plant or that every caterpillar was killed as soon as it was big enough to be seen; advantage of sentimental fascination: I could not but admire a dispensation of Providence that had linked the lives of two such glorious creatures, the butterfly orchid and the faery butterfly, making the one to

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THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE which considers all applications for admission will do so from 8:00 to 11:30 a. m. and from 2:00 to 5:00 p. m. on all working days prior to June 19, when regular classes commence. Beginning on June 1st the Office will be open during the morning at the New Building, Sulcan, and during the afternoon at the Old Building, Intramuros.

MATRICULATION for the Faculty of Law, the Preparatory Law Course and the 3rd, 4th and 5th years of the Faculty of Medicine will be made at the Old Building from 2:00 to 5:00 p. m.; and for the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters, 1st and 2nd years of Medicine, the Faculties of Pharmacy, and Engineering, the College of Education, the Pre-Medical Course and the High School Department, at the New Building, Sulcan, from 8:00 to 11:30 a. m.

ANY OTHER INFORMATION may be had from the Secretary.

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cater, even to its own undoing, to the welfare of the other, so poetic, so magical, so storied in its adult charm.

* *Phalaenopsis amabilis*, from Greek, *Phalaena* = butterfly or moth, *ops* = having the likeness or visage of, and Latin *amabilis* = lovely, worthy of affection, amiable.

† *Lycaenidae*, from Greek, *lykaina* = a she-wolf and *idos* = the family of, application obscure.

BUILDING A BUSINESS

(Continued from page 18)

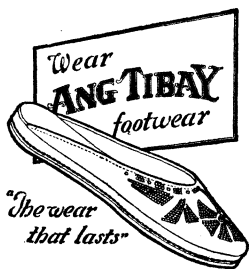
Orton. Mr. Orton was general manager of Connell Brothers Company in Manila from 1917 to 1926, and Swedish Consul for the Philippines from 1920 to 1926, the year he joined Philippine Education Co., Inc.

THE GENERAL SUPPLY COMPANY

The General Supply Company, of which Mr. Samuel Thomas was the president and manager, became a part of Philippine Education Co., Inc., this year, Mr. Thomas remaining the manager. This company does a large mail-order business in general merchandise.

FILIPINOS HOLD IMPORTANT POSITIONS

Besides a number of Filipino department managers, a number of other Filipinos hold important positions in the Company. The one with the longest service is Mr. Erasmo Madamba, who entered the Company's employ in 1908, and who is now in charge of the subscription department of the Magazine. Eliseo Darjuan, who came in 1913, is in charge of shipping. Flor Pilar, also 1913, looks after the business of the Company in the Custom House. Gregorio Dino, 1916, is in charge of Manila accounts. Gaudencio Jose, the Cashier of the Company, began work as a clerk in the accounting department in 1919.



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"PHILIPPINE EDUCATION" AS A TEACHERS' MAGAZINE

In reviewing the history of Philippine Education Co., Inc., "Philippine Education" has somewhat been lost sight of. After Mr. Miller himself, Mr. Gunnell acted for a number of years as the editor of the magazine, assisted at various times by Mr. R. W. Taylor and Miss May Faurote. Among those who worked on the advertising for the magazine were H. A. Duryea, Charles Murray, Baldomero Valdez (still with the Company and now in charge of government orders), Lloyd Miller, A. W. Wynne, Irving Posner and O. F. Wang.

Not much can be written of the years following the early, changeful years up to 1925. The Magazine remained strictly a teachers' publication, excellent as such, but rather dull to anyone outside the profession.

THE PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT

When in 1925, the Company took over Rosenstock's Manila City Directory, of which Mr. A. V. H. Hartendorp was the manager, he joined the Company under an arrangement whereby he remained manager of the directory and also took over the editorship of the magazine, and a little later the publishing department was organized with him as manager. Since 1907, the Company has published some eighty different titles and editions. In 1927 the Company published some ten different books aggregating 41,000 volumes.

MR. HARTENDORP AS EDITOR

The general policy adopted for the magazine under Mr. Hartendorp as editor, was to strive to live up to the name of the publication, called "Philippine Education Magazine" after February 1926, not in the narrow and pedantic sense, but in the broadest and fullest sense of the word "education". The emphasis was on broadly educational and cultural rather than on pedagogical material for the contents of the magazine. This change in policy met with appreciative response on the part of the general public, the teachers, Bureau of Education officials, and the advertisers. Mr. Clifford Butler was the advertising manager until September of last year, when he resigned and was succeeded by Mr. A. W. Wood.

During the year 1926-27, the same policy was continued, but with greater emphasis on strictly Philippine material—Philippine history, biography, literature, art, science, and industry. The January 1926, issue came out in an art cover, an innovation which has since been adopted by other Philippine magazines.

During the year 1927-28, the contents of the Magazine were of unusual high-grade—both the articles and the short stories. The editorial method adopted was, like that of the best magazines in the United States, not to depend upon staff-writers, but to invite the most competent man in any field of knowledge to write the specific articles desired. The response was gratifying, and no scholar, scientist, or business man, when invited to contribute an article to Philippine Education Magazine, refused to do so. Philippine Education Magazine has come to be recognized as authoritative.

THE NEW BUREAU OF EDUCATION PUBLICATION

In January, 1928, the Bureau of Education inaugurated "The Philippine Public Schools", a monthly magazine for teachers distributed gratis. The appearance of this journal made it possible for Philippine Education Magazine to eliminate from its pages such professional matter for teachers as can better be handled by the Bureau itself, and to devote its entire space to the sort of material it would be difficult for the Bureau editors to obtain. As far as the teachers are concerned, therefore, the Magazine will not compete with or duplicate the official publication, but will supplement it. "Philippine Public Schools" will do much better what Philippine Education Magazine was by force of circumstances compelled to do for so many years as in part a substitute for an official organ of the Bureau of Education, and Philippine Education Magazine now enjoys the freedom necessary to develop toward the ideal

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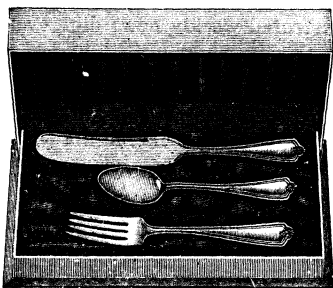
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THE NEW PHILIPPINE EDUCATION MAGAZINE

The new Philippine Education Magazine will preeminently typify our fast-changing Philippines. The Philippines is a country by itself, with a people of its own—Filipinos, Americans, and foreigners—with interests of their own. American and foreign publications do not fully meet the reading wants of Philippine readers, and the local publications so far developed do not meet the needs of the more intelligent class of readers. Philippine Education Magazine plans to fill the need for a *quality* magazine.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY

This year, Philippine Education Co., Inc., was reorganized, and the capitalization was increased to ₱1,500,000. Over ₱200,00 in new stock was subscribed for and paid up within a few weeks. In regard to the sale of this stock, Mr. Miller was quoted in the Manila Daily Bulletin as saying: "It was our intention to conduct a sales campaign for the recent increase of stock, but this proved unnecessary. The news leaked out that we were intending to put some stock on the market, and before we had officially given out any statement about it, the entire amount available was subscribed."

It is perhaps more than a coincidence that the striking change in the policy, the contents, and the appearance of Philippine Education Magazine came at about the same time the Company moved to its new quarters, incorporated a number of outside enterprises, drove its sales over the two-million-peso line, reorganized, and sold several hundred thousand pesos worth of stock without a sales campaign.

Publishing a little teachers' magazine, the Company reached out for the public school business, the private school business, the book and stationery business, the publishing business, the general mail-order business. It has been a logical development, and the Magazine has changed with the Company and with the times, perhaps a little ahead of them, as all truly successful publications must.

THE MILKMAN OF MAKILING

(Continued from page 15)

reached his silent home, made more silent by the presence of lonely death, he pressed each stem and leaf of the herbs that had been kissed by the maid of the mountain upon the cold lips of his dead son, murmuring the while: "Felipe, my son, in the name of God and the love that I bear thee, come back to me."

When the last stem and the last leaf had been pressed upon the pale lips, the old milkman sat back to watch intently. He had such a perfect faith in God and in the enchanted herbs that the maid of Makiling had given him, that soon the color of life flushed Felipe's face.

Mang Selo, with a prayer of thanks to the Almighty in his soul, went out to feed his carabaos. In a few minutes, Felipe was there after him, as if just awakened from a deep sleep, and full of self-reproach for having left his father to do the morning's work alone.

Except for that morning, the milkman's life was unchanged. And as always, he never failed to deliver his bottle of milk to the old man of the mountain.

Then came the time when Mang Selo tottered down the slippery trail for the last time, for in the weakness of old age he fell and broke his leg. Yet, the milkman felt not the pain of the broken limb so much as the realization that he would never be able to climb the slope again. To ease his suffering, he called his son to his death-bed.

"Felipe," he said with a voice vibrant with emotion, "I am dying. All that I have is yours, but there is one obligation that I also bequeath to you. It is to the old man of the mountain. Never, never fail to take up to him the morning ration. Promise me that as long as you live, you will do it. Promise me, lad, . . ."

San Beda Boys are Leaders!

Ask the authorities or faculty of any Philippine University, and you will always get the same answer—boys prepared at San Beda College are leaders in their classes, leaders in scholarship, in moral standards, in physical health. For the boy who prepares for his university work at San Beda, is well grounded in the essentials for his future lifework. Taught by a faculty which has made of the education of the boy, a specialized study, he is alert mentally. Supervised by men whose own educations in Australian and American Universities have taught them the need of robust health, his body has been trained by exercise, into a healthful organism. Trained by Catholic fathers, he has become an honorable Catholic gentleman.

It is any wonder then, that the San Beda boy becomes a leader in the university where he finishes his education, or that, in later life, he is destined to become a leader among men?

That ability to become a leader is encouraged by the atmosphere of San Beda, for it numbers among its students, sons of the best families of the Philippines. The San Beda boy makes friendships which stand him in good stead in later life. Yet, despite this, San Beda is not an expensive college. There are no special expenses to worry the parents, no costly uniforms, no burdensome social assessments.

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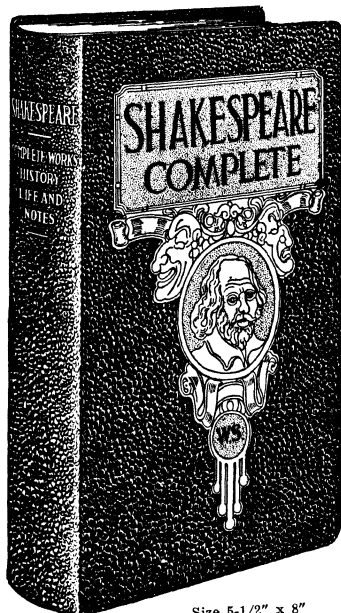
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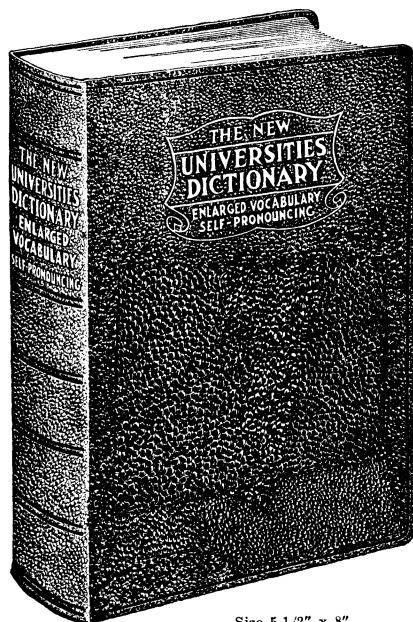
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"Yes, father, I promise."

That night Mang Selo died peacefully.

The next morning, Felipe began to supply milk to the old man of the mountain. It was a duty to him, and not a pleasant one, for the trail was winding and difficult, and the mornings were cold and dismal. After making the usual speechless transaction, he hurried down the slope without ever a backward look. Every day, for more than two years, he fulfilled his promise to his father, if not in the spirit, still in act, and beyond other reproach.

Then, one morning, when the cold wind of the mountain was a little less piercing and the matutinal hush of the forests a little less dismal, it was not the old man of the mountain whom he met at the gate. The old man of the mountain was dead. Felipe went back to his lonely home on the outskirts of the town with thoughts filled with jet-black, mysterious eyes, and long ebony-hued tresses that seemed to be the heart of a midnight of dreams.

From that morning on, he came up the difficult trail with a more buoyant spirit and a heart leaping with unbounded hope, and went down hopelessly enmeshed in youthful dreams.

It was not long before youth answered to the call of youth, and Maria and Felipe were very happy. No more did Felipe leave the mountain slope hurriedly,—he lingered, and, loverlike, always found some excuse to remain at her side, and to drink in the sweetness of her perfumed hair, her lips, her eyes.

"You will never, never forget me?" asked Maria. It was the old, old question that women have put to their lovers from the beginning of time, and that will still be asked on that last day.

The answer that Felipe gave was also the world's eternal reply:

"Never!" he said.

But Felipe was a young man and a creature of this fickle world of ours. In the town, he met one whose type of beauty and appeal to his youthful senses was entirely different from Maria's attractions. Maria was fresh and shy and silent; but this maiden of the town was open, frank, and frolicsome. He learned to care for the latter in a different way. Little by little, his thoughts of Maria vanished, and, at last, he brought no more milk to the mountain slope, and the maid of Makiling receded into a mist of forgotten fancies.

As the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, Maria listlessly and softly wandered through the woodlands and sought solace in the meaningless whispers of the trees under the tree moonlight.

Stories of a beautiful enchanted fairy roving the woodlands came to the town; there were those who said it was Mariang Makiling, the goddess of the mountain, who had come back to visit her old-time kingdom.

And one moonlit night, into the self-same woodland made famous by the wondrous tales about her, came Felipe and his new-found mate. Maria, trailing along the shadows between the silvery patches of the moon-kist, virginal floor of the woodland, and listlessly listening to the hushed song of the midnight flowers, saw them.

Neither anger nor despair clutched at Maria's heart. But the most trenchant misery was there. And, as she looked at the silent lovers watching the moon, with hands fondly interlocked as if in defiance of her presence, she raised her arms and faced the heart of the mountain where her father was entombed.

"Father! Father!" she cried.

A slow soft rumble from beyond the roots of the woods of the forest answered her.

"Father! if you love me, let that peak crumble and fall upon our heads and bury us now with you in the heart of the mountain!"

The wind ceased its soft flight, the leaves stopped their trembling song, and the moon hid behind the clouds. Slowly, like the coming of a great storm, stones from the peak began to roll down, and the summit moved like a living creature, like a

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The Bridge of Sighs	
Convent of Cappuccini (Amalfi)	Barducci
The Chariot Race from Ben Hur	Checa
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The Wood Gatherers Near Arras	Corot
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General Washington (On Horseback) ..	Faet
Signing the Compact (In the cabin of the Mayflower)	White
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Lachrymae (Vertical Panel)	Leighton
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Aurora (Horizontal Panel)	Reni
A Reading from Homer (Horizontal Panel) ..	Tadema
The Horse Fair (Horizontal Panel) ..	Bonheur
A Roman Holiday (Horizontal Panel) ..	De Mollo
The Roman Forum (Horizontal Panel)	
A High Wind	Corot
Venice Along the Grand Canal	
Portrait of Whistler's Mother	Whistler
Rome	Forti
Pompeii	Forti
The Coliseum	
The Gathering Storm	Rudiauhli
Falling Leaves (Landscape)	Muller

GRADE ONE

Title	Artist
Fording the Pond of Avray (Boy on horseback)	Corot
Dickory-Dickory Dock	Goodman
Little Children of the Sea (Sailing a little boat)	Isrdsels
The Supper (Mother and two children eating a simple meal)	Kever
Innocence (Woman holding child and lamb) Bouguereau	
Baby Stuart	Van Dyck
Can't you Talk?	Holmes
A Helping Hand	Renouf
Feeding Her Birds	Millet
Mischief Maker (Girl with kitten tangling thread)	Tilgner
Grandmother's Birthday (Girl bringing flowers to Grandmother)	Knowles
Close of a Long Day (Simple interior scene, mother holding baby, cat drink- ing milk from saucer)	Ortner

GRADE TWO

The Frugal Meal	Isrdsels
A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society	Landseer
Little Fishers (Children playing in sand and catching fish on seashore) ..	Blommers
Family Cares (Child with playthings on stairway)	Barnes
Morning Bath (Ducks on a pond) ..	Vadel
Off to the Fields (Mother and daughter; and ducks on pond)	King
The Low Mill Stream	Lowell
Children of the Shell	Murillo
Along the River Bank (Two women and baby)	Lerolle
Age of Innocence	Reynolds
Saved	Landseer
Summer Evening (Women carrying water from river)	Adan

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Mother and Son Homeward Bound ..	Israels
A Mother's Wealth (Mother holding child)	Israels
Three Members of a Temperance So- ciety	Herring
The Grape Sellers (Two children with basket of grapes counting money) ..	Murillo
Simplicity	Reynolds
The Guardian Angel (Guarding children approaching a precipice)	Ploekhorst
Stag at Bay	Landseer
The Sower	Millet
Madonna and Child	Murillo
The Bird Nester and His Companions (Robbing birds nests)	Corot
On the Sea Shore (Children playing with boat)	Blommers
L'Etan (Cattle in pool)	Corot

GRADE FOUR

Title	Artist
Lake Albano (Mother and child near lake)	Corot
Morning on the Lake	Corot
The Doctor (Watching sick child) ..	Fildes
Suffer Little Children of Come Unto Me	Ploekhorst
The Opening Day (Boy and girl going to school)	Israels
Springtime Bloom (Child twining flowers in mother's hair)	Appelgood
Waiting (Three dogs watching over a game bag)	Gifford
A Boy and Rabbit	Rachburn
Madonna (The best of the Madonnas) ..	Ferruzzi
The Horse Shoor	Landseer
On the Marshes (Cattle, horses and nice landscape)	Van Marcke

GRADE FIVE

Pond Lillies	Schacht
Peasant Life (Landscape with horse- man)	Corot
Shepherdess and Sheep	Lerolle
Song of the Lark	Breton
The Blue Boy	Gainsborough
Home Scene, Holland (Appropriate for Domestic Science Room)	Artz
The Gleaners	Millet
Waiting for the Ferry (Women with market baskets)	Moran
The Moonlit Bay (With sail boats) ..	Emory
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A Holland Sitting Room (Appropriate for domestic science room)	Hooch
Daniel's Answer to the King (In a den of lions)	Riviere
Evening's Cooling Shades (Landscape) ..	Chwala
The Shepherdess (With flock)	Millet
Sir Galahad	Watts
George Washington (Bust) (P7.00) ..	Stuart
Morning (Seascape with sailboats) ..	Schutz
Her First Music Lesson	Munier
The Path	Corot

GRADE SEVEN

Roll on in Silent Majesty (Seascape) ..	Alquist
The Close of Day (Farmer returning home)	Adan
Saint Cecilia	Naujok
The Windmill	Von Ruydael
Le Matin (Morning, with river and boat)	Bernier
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mighty tentacle reaching downward to the leafy woodland where the lovers and Maria stood.

But when the shadow of the mighty peak loomed over them, when the summit was about to fall into a massive torrent of stones and timber—and death—upon their heads, Maria saw the panic-stricken lovers holding each other, rooted to the ground, and awaiting fearfully their doom,—Maria saw that Felipe's face was very pale, even paler than the moon. She took pity upon the young man, and realized that she still loved him, faithless as he was.

She raised her hands again, now in an earnest supplication, and said:

"Father, let them live."

And the mountain peak stayed. It did not go back to its former position. It remained leaning, and to this day it is found thus, in the same position as when Maria, the maid of the mountain, asked her father to stay its downward fall.

After that, Maria, the wood-nymph of Makiling, just like her predecessor, the well-known Mariang Makiling, disappeared, driven to exile by the faithlessness of man.

No trace was ever found of her after her disappearance except for a rare and mystic herb of green and gold whose stems and leaves bear the imprint of delicate, mysterious lips.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAESTRO

(Continued from page 14)

November the maestro was called to Cavite as deputy division superintendent. New conditions and new work. The Thomas had arrived with a large quota of teachers who had been distributed among the towns of the province and the first attempt at organization was under way.

The maestro now had to interview town presidentes and town councils, arrange estimates, open barrio schools, etc. More teachers were necessary. Each central school was expected to train aspirants who later filled the new positions.

THE CHOLERA IN 1902

In 1902, came the cholera. The American teachers were ex-officio members of the local boards of health and many took their turn as health inspectors. Thankless work, for the most part, for who could expect to interfere successfully with the will of God? One presidente argued seriously that it could serve no purpose to boil drinking water, for the people could certainly not drink it when boiling, and when cooled again it would be the same as before.

This period was for the maestro a stormy one. He longed to take a more active part in settling questions of governmental policy and administration. The new and often badly selected officers of the Philippine Constabulary seemed incompetent to

control the situation. This led to trouble as will be mentioned later. The period was marked by the following:

Columbia, to thee is bowed

A nation bruised and torn and cowed,
Upon her limbs the cruel marks of thongs,
And purpled deep three centuries of wrongs.

She saw as through a bloody haze
The dazzling light of Freedom's gaze,
And striking with unguided, frenzied arm,
Her foes, herself, and e'en her friends dealt harm.

Rotten stuff, but the maestro, now division superintendent, took himself very seriously and really thought that he had been appointed as a sort of "liaison officer" between the East and the West.

During a hot argument with a ranking constabulary officer to whom he had complained of the stupid inefficiency of some constabulary lieutenant, the following dialogue took place:

Officer—Mr. B., ladronism is a cancer that has to be cut out, before we can have peace.

Mr. B.—Yes, sir, I agree with you, but you want a surgeon's lancet and not a meat-ax for the operation.

LADRONES

It was estimated that at least two hundred guns were out in the province. Montalban, Felizardo, Ramos, and a dozen more chiefs of lesser fame held the small towns and barrios in their grasp. The maestro was held up once and lost his hat and his watch and money, but carried away two revolvers belonging to the ladrones, after putting the band to flight. He also took part in a general campaign against the ladrones which was not very successful but which led to serious difficulties between himself and the local constabulary chiefs and resulted in his transfer to Batangas and the increase in salary already referred to, also, indirectly, to the whiskers which are the origin and inspiration of these reminiscences.

TEACHERS AND POLITICS

The early pioneer's work was finished, peace had descended on the provinces, and ladron bands gave way to politicians. After a few disastrous attempts on the part of teachers to control local politics, orders were issued that teachers and other civil-service employees should be neutral in such matters. Formal courses of study and civil-service regulations made the individual teacher a member of an organization working as one unit over the whole Islands.

Doctor Barrows, now become Director of Education, felt the urge for more practical instruction and recalling, doubtless, the ex-luxuriant hirsute appendage of the ex-maestro, invited him to a conference on school gardening. The Superintendent of Schools of Batangas had a vegetable garden at his home and began to explain the difficulties he had experienced with bugs and worms. Doctor Barrows, always an enthusiastic theorist, caught instant fire. "Chickens," he said, "chickens to eat the bugs and worms." Then calling for a stenographer to record

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the conversation which rapidly became a monologue, he sketched a scheme providing for a school garden and a flock of hens, which would be domiciled in the garden and serve as "bug catchers." After the Doctor had stated in forceful English his ideas on the matter he turned to his underling for applause, but the latter recalling his boyhood days, before woven-wire fencing had been invented to keep chickens out of vegetable gardens, could only suggest that a race of trained and educated hens be procured which would devour legitimate food like bugs and worms and eschew tender plants and fruits. It is doubtful if the Doctor ever had the stenographer's record transcribed, though of course his ideas on animal breeding were excellent.

TEACHERS AND THEIR FORMER PUPILS

These reminiscences would be incomplete without further reference to the product of the early schools. It is sometimes embarrassing to meet young men and women who look as if they should be recognized and who are in some way familiar, who finally introduce themselves as former students. One could not of course be expected to remember them all. It is pleasant, however, when one has business with a government office, to find that some ex-student has taken your case as a personal matter and "greased the rollers" so to speak in such manner as to secure the prompt dispatch of your "asunto." It is something also to feel that you have had even a small part in the training of young and middle-aged men and women who are taking a prominent part in the life of their communities.

The early maestro with his hardships and privations, his small triumphs, and his dismal failures, has for the most part disappeared together with the conditions that surrounded him. Automobiles and autobuses now rush over roads where the maestro plodded through the mud on the back of a shaggy, staggering pony or on a lumbering carabao. Rarely in the history of the human race has such a great change come in so short a period of time. The civil engineer has done his part in building roads and bridges, the government administrators and the peace officers have brought order and checked crime,



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the doctor has driven out the most serious diseases and has improved public health to a remarkable degree, but the maestro has laid the foundation of it all by developing an intelligent class of people to appreciate and carry on the wonderful progress which has been inaugurated. He has frequently been the butt of jokes on the part of the thoughtless and sporty element among his countrymen, but among his ex-pupils his prestige is secure.

CLIMBING PIAPAYUNGAN

(Continued from page 6)

crown squarely over the dangerous water. A fatal accident nearly occurred here. Several men crossed in safety when Major Johnson walked out on the trunk. Near the middle he slipped and in the fraction of a second had fallen from the log and was hanging like a huge sloth on the under side while the boiling current licked eagerly at his back. A cry of dismay from both banks sent men scurrying out to rescue him before his slipping grip should relax. He came up white as chalk for he had indeed had a narrow escape from death, that gave us all a bad fright.

The column now crossed one high ridge and deep ravine after another and forded two more wide, swift rivers, following the compass due south. A cold drenching rain fell again by midmorning and everyone was shivering with cold and exposure. Big ravenous leeches crawled on us by thousands from the ground or dropped off bushes. They went through eyelets of shoes, leggings, and clothes, feeding on places already open and bleeding until our legs were a mass of oozing bites. They were like rubber, nothing would kill them and nothing keep them off. One of the porters even got a leech in his eye and let out a yell for help that brought everyone running.

THE JUNGLE

That afternoon we were on a high ridge. Below on each side great cañons opened out in the mist and rain, and echoed with the roar of angry waters. Tired out we dropped into a little boggy hollow hidden in the jungle on the mountainside and there made camp by a meandering marshy stream; an atom of animate humanity in all this vast soaking forest. The cargadores were much discouraged and frightened, but Tomendug, a Moro sergeant of the Constabulary, proved himself to be a tireless man of steel always urging and driving the porters forward, for which he was invaluable.

For three days, covered with leeches, rained on, fording rivers and streams, stung by giant nettles, and camping in the forest, cold, wet, and muddy, we pushed deep into the mountains and the heart of the jungle. We never could see more than a hundred yards in any direction, buried as we were beneath this dense canopy of vegetation that hid even the sky. But we knew that if the little trembling compass needle was swinging true, somewhere ahead Piapayungan towered out of this wilderness, majestic and alone since time began.

The ridges here were clothed with a wonderful oak forest, one of the few places in the Islands where such a fine forest

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exists. Acorns strewed the ground and deer and pig abounded in numbers difficult to believe. Since human foot had never trodden here, the game was incredibly tame and soon an abundance of venison supplemented the ration. It was necessary only to walk a few yards ahead of the noisy column to shoot all the deer required. These were hacked to pieces with bolos and added to the loads. Camp cooking was anything but delicate and we filled our mouths and teeth with plenty of tough bristles at each meal. Besides the game, there were big, whiskered monkeys that swarmed in the trees, howling and barking at their strange relatives walking below. Beautiful birds and butterflies flitted in the air, while bright red jungle fowl scratched and fed in the underbrush.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MOUNTAIN

The evening of the third day we found ourselves on a long, sloping ridge in open forest with ice-cold, clear streams on both sides, and here a fine, big camp was established. We had no idea as to our location or the lay of the country around us, some even believing that we had passed the entire mountain, but Colonel Bruns insisted that it was still due south. An hour later in stalking deer above camp, this was confirmed when an important discovery was made. By lying down and peering under the trees and underbrush, a great range could be discerned to the south that ascended majestically into the clouds far above. There was no doubt that this was our mountain, the first close-up glimpse that encouraged and thrilled us all. There was still, however, an estimated climb ahead of two days.

A BASE CAMP ESTABLISHED

After this discovery, it was decided to leave this as our base camp, and with selected cargadores and reduced packs to push on rapidly. The men detailed to remain sang all night long, while those chosen to go on discussed the possibility of being eaten alive by wild animals, a suggestion that depressed them very much.

March first an early start was made and, stimulated by the knowledge that the goal was near, we made fair time. The leech bites had now pustulated, and our legs were a mass of ulcers and in bad condition. The rain, exposure, and labor of hacking trail through the rugged jungle, together with only two meals a day to sustain us, had taken considerable toll of our strength, and we found ourselves noticeably weakened on this climb. Added to this, Colonel Bruns was seized with an acute attack of dysentery that rapidly and alarmingly depleted him, giving us all great concern for his safety.

THEY PRESS ON

Working over ten intervening ridges and ravines we came at last to the big range and turned eastward to climb it. Woolly deer scurried through the woods and supplied us with fresh meat. As the ascent continued we came to where the beautiful oak forest ended abruptly. A tall giant cane, one of the *Fraxmites*, locally known as *tigbao*, clothed the ridges. It stood ten to fifteen feet high, tough stalks as large as one's thumb,

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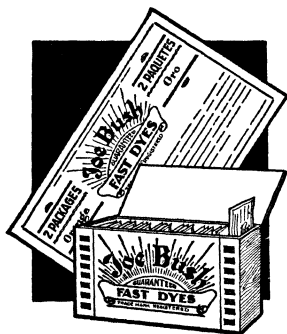
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with sharp cutting leaves, and presented a solid wall of impenetrable vegetation. This is heart-breaking stuff to tackle. A bolo is useless, it must be crushed down by brute strength. Unsuspected pit holes sometimes dropped one clear out of sight. In one place the *tigbao* hung over and concealed a 300 foot vertical slide and we narrowly missed plunging through. We slipped and fell on the stems and were cut in a thousand places on hands and faces. These cuts very quickly became infected, and for several nights sleep was impossible due to the swelling and pain in our hands.

Progress was discouragingly slow, a few hundred yards an hour, after inhuman effort. Far below in a steep ravine, a tinkling stream wound down in its rocky channel. Feeling that anything was better than this cane, we tobogganed down the vertical incline and waded up the stream bed. The water was ice-cold, the ascent rocky and broken, while fallen underbrush, brambles, and twisted cane formed a bower over the passage forcing us to stoop and crawl with the expenditure of much energy. Eventually a waterfall completely blocked the way, and the only escape was to return to the ridge and the cane by climbing hand over hand up the bare scar of an old landslide. An icy rain fell and soon everyone was chilled and shivering violently. At the end of ten hours climbing, complete exhaustion overcame us, and camp was made under a group of trees in a little hollow by a silvery waterfall.

DISTANT VIEW OF LAKE LANAO

March second the morning dawned clear, and a wonderful view spread below with Lake Lanao and the whole province lying at our feet. To the west ran a range of mountains with various peaks. On top of this range there was a huge flat plateau dotted with scattered trees, covered with what appeared to be short, brown grass and with a little lake in the center. It looks as if a good airplane landing could be made here, and being an interesting place, it should be explored more thoroughly. The natives claim that a large herd of wild carabao live on this plateau.

PLAYED OUT

We left our camp and porters, thinking that the summit was near, and started up through the same terrible cane, making painfully slow and exhausting progress. This day we wore socks on our hands against the cutting of the cane, and Colonel Bruns had to cut open his boots on account of the swelling of his feet and ankles. As we worked to the top of the ridge after several hours' effort, the forested summit came into view not more than 4,000 yards above. It was farther than anyone expected, however, and we realized it was impossible to attain in one day. This was very bad as our rations were running low and the violent exertion together with the abscesses on hands and legs were making serious inroads on our vitality. Everyone looked worn and haggard and had dropped many pounds, in weight. A mist and rain blew up and we were soon shivering violently again. A man was sent back for our porters to bring them up to a higher camp. Ridges on both sides of us mounted steeply toward the summit. Tree ferns silhouetted against the misty sky looked like some strange prehistoric scene

"...THE CARGADORES GROANED HORRIBLY ALL NIGHT LONG"

In late afternoon we stopped among a little pocket of trees to camp. It was bitterly cold. Everyone looked as if he had St. Vitus Dance. Every muscle in our bodies was doing a frenzied jig to the strumming of the wind in the tree tops and the tattoo of the rain on the leaves. We tried to start a fire under an overhanging tree trunk, and with our uncontrollable muscular jerkings found it almost impossible. Eventually, thanks to a greasy box of Kraft's cheese, we nursed a faint flicker to a steady blaze, and this to a brisk fire into which the entire party tried to crawl at once. We got together what food and shelter could be assembled in the rain and dark, and then spent

a night colder than banished hope. A cold baleful moon swung across the sky, casting a ghostly glow over the inhospitable solitude while the cargadores groaned horribly all night long.

THEY MAKE THE SUMMIT

Morning broke clear on the third. No one ever had a more gorgeous view from his bed than we had with the entire western half of Mindanao spreading out below. No time was wasted, but tucking a few spoonfuls of oatmeal behind our vests and cinching up the belt-buckle an extra turn, we struck into the cane again. The forested summit was visible the entire time, tantalizingly near, but so very far in terms of human effort. As if to mock us, the cane actually got higher, tougher, and denser. Anxious to get to the top now, we made regular line-bucks, crashing into the cane for a few yards like the old football flying-wedge, with our heavy-weight, Major Johnson, as the point of the ram. Here too, the long-legged Schwaiger came into best advantage. He would wrap his trailing extremities around an armful of *tigbao*, and then fold up in sections like a carpenter's segmented rule, dragging the growth down with him. Colonel Bruns was quite sick and very weak, driven forward only by his sheer determination to reach the top. After two hours of this we reached the forest and plunged into the dripping dark mossy fastnesses. The trees consisted of a primitive type of conifer, *Podocarpus imbricatus*, which were covered with a thick blanket of green filmy ferns and mosses, while the ground was cushioned with the same deep resilient carpet. The branches were so low and gnarled, it was necessary to crawl on hands and knees between exposed roots and fantastically twisted branches. Pig and deer signs were abundant even at this high altitude. After forty-five minutes climbing in this silent, twilight forest, we reached the top where human being had never been. It was a narrow ridge about fifty-yards long covered with wind-whipped trees and an occasional tuft of *tigbao*.

VIEW OF ALL MINDANAO

From the top of a tree there was a stupendous view of almost the entire island of Mindanao. Clear across Cotabato was Apo shrunken to a mere mound and beyond that the Davao Gulf. Bukidnon, Lanao, Zamboanga, Moro Gulf, the Mindanao sea, all lay below like a toy map. Hanging out on slender branches one could peer over an awe-inspiring abyss with cauliflower-like tops of trees clothing the crumpled foothills below, and a silvery thread of a river winding in its rugged gorge. It was exhilarating, with a high wind dashing great billows of clouds against the mountain to split with cataclysmic violence and whirl skyward in exploded fragments.

THEIR NAMES IN A BOTTLE

The names of the members of the party, who were the following, were put in a bottle and left in the branches of a tree. Colonel E. H. Bruns, U. S. Army
Major O. M. Johnson, Philippine Constabulary
Captain L. L. Gardner, U. S. Army
Lieutenant H. Schwaiger, Philippine Constabulary
Sergeant Tomendug, Philippine Constabulary
Cargadores, Moros Malamit, Mama, and Tuan.

Chilled at this altitude, we hurried down the mountainside, returning in one hour and forty-five minutes over a distance that had required ten hard hours to climb, and here we camped once again by the waterfall. This is the only day that it did not rain, but to compensate for this we had very little food left. The cargadores bewailed this fact while Schwaiger, who is a real conservationist, demonstrated to them a few spilled grains of rice and read them the riot act in his loudest and most colorful dialect. Everyone was dirty and bearded and here Major Johnson astonished us with his vitality by shaving and taking a dip in the ice-cold stream.

BACK AT THE BASE CAMP

On the fourth, all speed was made on the back-track to the base camp while a roaring cloudburst sent sheets of water dashing off the mountainside. Enroute more deer were shot and a large flying squirrel, the first ever taken in Mindanao, which



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is undoubtedly a species new to science. Wet clothes had been left at camp to be dried over the fire during our four-day absence, this had been accomplished so effectually that very little of the original clothing remained; a few charred fragments only being restored to us. We found the camp a thriving city with a welcome abundance of food, including one entire pig that was roasting over a slow fire. Schwaiger overcome with hunger rushed across to the appetizing apparition, plunged a knife into it and recoiled with a strangled cry while a second later all of us were fighting for outdoors and fresh air. The four-day ripened carcass was given a mournful and respectful burial. An hour later we were sitting around a roaring campfire while the rain drummed on the fern-covered shack and we toasted out long-frozen vitals and opened up numerous abscesses on hands and legs. During the height of this comfortable undertaking the shack suddenly burst into flame and once again there was a mad exodus with the shack spilling men out like an overturned dish of peas.

One of our cargadores now volunteered the information that in our four-days' absence he had discovered his whereabouts, that this was a familiar locality and that he knew a short cut home that would get us there in one day. Through all of our questioning he adhered to his statements. It sounded too good to be true. It was.

THEY LOSE THEIR WAY

March fifth the column started off shouting and singing on the short route home. Two deer fell to the guns and four others actually dashed through the column. Everything went beautifully for several hours except that the country became extremely rough and steep with many precipitous ravines to cross. Then Colonel Brun, who had been watching the compass, announced that the worthless rascal who had purported to guide us, had circled and lost the whole party deep in the bad lands below the mountain. This was a most unpleasant discovery and meant that we had to return to following the compass. It turned out to be the most difficult part of the

trip. The ridges were so steep that men actually lowered themselves by *bejuco* vines only to ascend a high vertical wall on the opposite side. Interwoven lianas, vines, and bamboos caused endless hours of hacking with a *tabas* to gain a trivial advance. Leeches fairly ate us alive, our hands and feet swelled to strange proportions, and Colonel Brun who is especially severely poisoned by these repulsive parasites, became so weak that his condition gave cause for acute alarm.

Dropping down a steep ridge we encountered an unknown river and decided to follow the river bed. The column was wading and floundering in deep pools, slipping on the rocks and stemming the swift current when an inky cloud slid over the rift of sky above, and someone pulled the stopper out of the middle of the heavens. Sheets of water fell, the river leaped up into a roaring flood and we were forced back onto the inhospitable interminable ridges for a weary struggle and a soggy camp.

THEY CAPTURE A GUIDE

March sixth, after a start at four in the morning, we got into such dense bamboo thickets and among such steep ridges, two thousand or more feet high, that it became impossible to continue following the compass, and the only recourse was to follow the next river to its outlet. This also proved extremely difficult. The banks of the torrent were grown to dense vegetation. At times rocky cliffs projected into the stream against which the entire force of the current dashed with great violence. We were forced then to scale these cliffs or to lower ourselves gingerly into the current, in momentary danger of being swept into midstream, and edge around the points like giant crabs clinging tenaciously to niches and irregularities on the face of the bare rock. It was nothing short of miraculous that no lives were lost in these dangerous places. By mid-afternoon, hammered down by a beating rain, the situation appeared very serious with high ridges on all sides walling us in, and with Colonel Brun much worn and in pain from dysentery and poisoned leech bites. When things were at the very worst,

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signs of man were discovered in old cuttings and bolo marks. This caused intense excitement and spurred everyone on to renewed efforts. Two hours later the signs became so fresh that a man hunt was organized; as strange a man hunt as we had ever experienced. With shotguns and rifles on the alert, we crept stealthily through the woods desperately intent on capturing a man, any man, anyone, who could tell us where we were. At last a frightened Moro was discovered, and rushing upon him with gun barrels leveled, we surrounded and furiously questioned him. To all the clamoring he at last responded that we were on the Rugan river at the village of Ragayan and a full days march from Tamparan.

It was short work now to procure a guide that led us through the woods to the next village, from which point new guides delivered us along the trail on the installment plan. There was one more river to ford and as night fell we stood, after fourteen hours of marching, on the shores of lake Lanao. Behind us Piapayungan brooded in its age-old solitude as the purple night fell and the swirling gray mists closed in around the towering peak.

RIZAL'S PARENTAGE

(Continued from page 11)

The Chinaman's son, the first Chinese mestizo in the direct paternal line, married a Chinese mestiza, sister of a parish priest. His own neighborhood and those regions that have been noted as Bisayan had practically all their leading families of the same mixture as was his.

The next generation, Rizal's grandfather, married the daughter of a Chinaman who had come from his grandfather's home town and for whom the now very old gentleman had stood sponsor at the baptism that preceded the wedding. The newcomer was of good position and fortune, as his rich Chinese garments, now in the Philippine museum, show. His bride, also a Chinese mestiza, was so both by her father's and her mother's side, both lines of the *principalia* class from which municipal

captains came. There is every reason to believe that the Filipino blood here was Bisayan in origin, but by this time it was called Tagalog. The grandfather as municipal captain changed his relatives and himself in the records from "Chinese mestizos" to "Indians" as the parish priest, the other party in power and check upon him, was also a relative. The reason was to save the higher fees charged. The captain was too honest to abuse his office and make others pay more than the legal scale of taxation, yet he wanted to make up for the costs that the government's system imposed upon him. Then the captain was personally responsible to Manila for all taxes whether the taxpayers paid or not. The church entries of the racial stock of those baptized, married, and buried are valueless, for those friendly to the parish priest would get the lower rate of "Indian," and those he disliked be compelled to pay the high charges of "sangley mestizo," sangley being the old name for Chinamen. The ambitious rich would bribe the Manila authorities to be enrolled as "Spanish mestizos," the privileged class.

Doctor Rizal's father probably studied for a time in the Filipino college of San José, though the records of that institution were burned early in the American occupation to destroy evidence that might be used in a lawsuit. The tradition of that famous institution, inherited from the patriotic genius, Professor Mariano Pilapil, was intense Filipinism and practical work for the native land. (Two illustrious examples of its training are the economist Dr. José M. Jugo and Francisco Balagtas Baltazar, called the Tagalog dramatist though his name Balagtas shows he was of Bisayan descent as that was one of the names exclusive to the descendants of the old Bisayan rajahs of Manila.)

RIZAL'S MATERNAL LINE

The maternal line of Rizal's ancestry is even more complicated. Of Mrs. Rizal's Spanish ancestors, one came from rice-growing Valencia and the other was a Gascon, like Governor Legaspi and Friar Urdaneta, from the Bay of Biscay region. The Ursua line began with a Japanese nobleman who came to

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Manila as a refugee from the persecution of Japanese Christians in the first half of the seventeenth century, a lineage shared by Father Mariano Gomez who was the arbitrator in the Cavite land troubles of the 1820s and in his old age, 1872, garroted on the charge of complicity in the mythical Cavite conspiracy to set up a North American-like republic with Padre Burgos as president. The female lines were Cavite Chinese mestizas.

Mrs. Rizal's father, an Alberto Alonzo, was Chinese-Ilocano, his father being head of a Chinese mestizo district of Manila and his mother apparently a Chinese mestiza from the north. The Florentino line of ancestry is the same found as Ilocano in the North and with Reyes relatives, both families having gone to Vigan from Manila as officials on the establishment of the new province of Nueva Segovia. Both had their origin in Baliwag, Bulacan, as has been mentioned before.

The Quintos line was Chinese mestizo with Pangasinan as the native element. The Mendoza line was of Chinese mestizo, Spanish, and Bisayan-Tagalog.

Mrs. Rizal's relatives were higher in the social scale than her husband's family, with professional men and wealthy land-owners who lived on rents instead of cultivating their lands. The estate of San Francisco de Malabon was theirs, and most of the Filipino lawyers before the 1840s were her relatives, Attorney Mendoza of the eighteenth century and his two lawyer sons of the early nineteenth, together with their contemporary, Lawyer Quintos of San Mateo, and the two Florentino lawyers of a little later. The clergy included a Padre Leyba in Batangas, Padre Alejandro Ursua, who began as a priest about 1776, and Father Agustin Mendoza, of Sta. Cruz (Manila), a priest who was among the victims of Spanish aggression in the Cavite trouble of '72. A relative was that youthful Quintos prodigy who was considered the most brilliant intellect of the first half of the nineteenth century and who, rumor hinted, was poisoned.

Just how the Castro relationship came in cannot be now learned, for the records there are lacking through fires and anay, but it ran back to the old Bisayan rajahs of Manila, the family of Rajah Matanda, his nephew Suleiman, and his cousin Lacandola. The Balagtas will preserve their ancestry, which links up with the rulers of neighboring islands and in the Malay Peninsula. Here is the claim of descent from Alexander the Great, from whom Lacandola got his name (Lakan or Rajang 'Dula or Iskandula, form of Alexander) through King Porus, greatest and bravest of the conquered Indian rulers. The royalty of Java, Sumatra, Malacca, and Borneo were all intermarried, together with Arabs claiming to share the blood of Mahomet. Besides the Bornean, the family prided itself on Bisayan and Chinese blood, and in Manila they married into chief families of Pasig, Pampanga, Bulacan, and Marinduque, and also boasted the blood of Negrito chiefs. Those who came from Mindanao and Sulu to Manila, related to the Bornean family which perhaps went there from the Philippines, though that would have been before A. D. 900, had Manobo or aborigine ancestors.

THE ANCESTRAL LINE

See how the greatest of Filipinos, long called "The Great Tagalog," had these ancestral lines: Tagalog, Bisayan, Ilocano, Pangasinan, Pampangan, Negrito, Mindanaoan, Sulu, Manobo, Bornean, Sumatran, Javan, Malaccan, Arabian, Indian, Macedonian (Greek), Japanese, and Chinese.

This sketch is to show that tribal lines did not exist in the Philippines before the coming of the Spaniards and that the Filipinos are not only interrelated throughout all the archipelago but also with their neighbors of Asia, and even with Europe.

These statements are not rashly made, for proof is available for anyone caring to look into the matter. These Islands are no different from European lands where every inhabitant is a distant cousin of every other. Those who don't study such matters would be surprised to learn that in the United States there are several millions who have as much of the blood of King Alfred the Great and of Charlemagne as has the present King of Great Britain. Only recently Manila newspapers have repeated the old slander that the North American Indian has been exterminated by wars, tuberculosis, and whisky, when in reality he has been assimilated and great numbers of Americans have slight traces of the blood of the redman.

Rizal's birthday anniversary, by recalling his relationships and that they are typical of the rest of the Filipinos, may serve to end regional prejudice and should be used as the occasion for preaching the homogeneity of the Filipino people whose Ilocano, Tagalog, Bisayan, and like designations merely indicate temporary residence and not ancestry.

THE THREE BACHELORS

(Continued from page 10)

the other two before he sank back to sleep forever. Then the three knelt by the bedside of their dead father and prayed.

Two years passed. Dicto, the youngest, to forget his sorrows, went to another province. Terio continued to work in the shop, while Dencio pursued his courting. But the girl was deaf to his pleadings, while her eyes often gazed into the far distance. Three years more passed, and then Dencio, realizing that all his efforts were useless, returned to the shop and told his brother about his unsuccessful suit. Then Terio, after getting Dencio's assurance that he would not mind if he took his place, went one evening to Lelay's house and laid his heart at the maiden's feet. It was five years before he acknowledged that Lelay did not care for him. Then, like his brother, he went back to the shop and the two vowed to devote all their attention to the work.

"I wonder where our brother Dicto is," said Dencio, one day. "He will surely be surprised to see us like this, worse than when he left us."

"It will be worse if he returns, for he will meet the same fate that we have," dryly answered Terio.

And so the daily routine went on till five more years were added to their age. The brothers in the shop wondered why

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Lelay, who was also aging, still remained single. Many young men, of high and low degree, had come to Lelay and had gone away again, for Lelay had closed the portals of her heart. Yet she would gladly have opened them and welcomed the love of a young man who had so suddenly disappeared fifteen years ago. She felt that he would come back. The whole day passed with thoughts of him, and there were many years of such days.

Then Lelay became so ill that she could no longer stand on her feet. She was confined to her bed, and there she silently and patiently waited for her lover.

One evening, Terio and Dencio learned that her condition was serious, and paid her a visit. Their faces brought back to her the memory of another face.

"Where is he? Where is Dicto? He is coming, isn't he?" she cried weakly.

Lelay's questions for the first time revealed to the two brothers the whole truth. She loved Dicto and no one else. Had they known this before, they would have gladly sacrificed themselves for the happiness of Lelay and their brother. They resolved one thing, to find Dicto and tell him . . . Suddenly the woman sat upright and, with outstretched hands, cried:

"Dicto! Dicto!"

All eyes were turned toward the door. There, with dusty clothes, stood Dicto, his aged face marked with both joy and fear as he ran to the arms of the woman he loved.

"Lelay," he murmured, his head at her breast, "I always dreamed of you calling for me. Last night the dream was so vivid that I thought I was not dreaming. Then I could not endure it anymore. I came . . ."

He embraced her tightly while the others stood in dumb wonderment. After some minutes Terio and Dencio drew their brother away, for he was embracing a dead woman.

Many years have elapsed. The three brothers, once more together, and this time for always, moved to another house on the same street. They did not like to stay in the old place because of the painful memories that were still there. They give all their time to their work, and although women still give them meaningful glances, they pay no attention, for, like their father, they often say, "Our hearts are in heaven."

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THE MOTOR BUS

(Continued from page 13)

been increased from P150,000 when it was incorporated in 1914 to P500,000 at present.

OTHER OPERATORS

One of the most important and venturesome companies in the Islands today is the Rural Transit Company, the principal owner of which is E. M. Bachrach, Manila automobile dealer. This company now operates about 77 cars in Nueva Ecija province and points farther north. On the mountain lines can be seen the expert driving that takes loaded busses over dangerous passes, day after day, skirting precipices like well-trained horses and keeping within a margin of safety scarcely believable in view of road conditions.

D. L. Minnich is general manager. The company is developing into one of the largest in the Islands.

Away down south on the island of Jolo, home of the Sultan of Sulu, P. H. Frank has been operating a bus business for

several years under unparalleled circumstances. His passengers and drivers are Moros. Frank has had several of his drivers and conductors murdered on the route, but there has been no trouble for some time now. Frank has twenty busses on this island and ten more at Zamboanga, Mindanao.

A MUSHROOM GROWTH

Ammen built better than he knew when he humbly began the bus business in the Philippines. He hit the right note. Small, staunch busses that could seat twenty to thirty passengers were the thing. Others too, saw the opportunity and reaped profit accordingly.

Blouse branched out and started a company of his own. Others followed suit, breaking open new territory from northern Luzon to southern Mindanao. Today there are about a dozen big companies operating busses on regular schedule over regular routes, under well-organized schemes of operation. But the bulk of the 5,000-odd busses that ply Philippine highways are in the hands of small independent operators.

In this fact is the reason for the statement that though the bus business in the Philippines is highly developed, it is but little organized. The bulk of motorbus operation is in the hands of operators who bought trucks and busses, often at the behest of enthusiastic automobile salesmen, and began running busses here and there helter-skelter, haphazard, hit-and-miss, over the highways. There is little or no control over them. A garage in the provinces may operate four or five cars with a string of drivers. One man may get his father-in-law to set him up in business with a single bus, and run it as a free-lance.

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THE FUTURE OF THE BUSINESS

This kind of operation is regarded by those who should know about it as unhealthy and contrary to the best interests of the country. Insofar as it results in stiff competition for organized companies, it is but natural that they should militate against it.

It does result in stiff competition and sometimes unfair competition. It hurts the railroad business. On the island of Panay, the Philippine Railway Company has developed a type of rail bus to compete with these independent operators. A picture of it accompanies this article. Legitimate transportation in all fields has suffered.

This fact of competition alone would not justify running out of business the independent operators. They have their rights as well as anybody else. But there are other considera-

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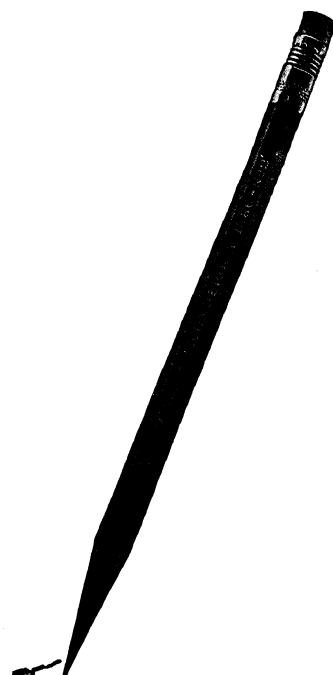
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tions. Among them the safety of passengers is to be considered. Said a recent editorial in the *Manila Daily Bulletin*:

"The growth of the bus business in the Philippines demands that consideration be given to making the carrier responsible for the safety of passengers. Busses operated by responsible organizations, companies which have assets to back up court awards, are far safer than those operated by irresponsible upstarts.

"Many of the busses in the Philippines carry persons who would not have a ghost of a show in recovering damages in case of an accident. If the bus goes into the ditch and is wrecked, it probably would not be worth enough to cover the outstanding obligations against it, and the injured passenger or the relatives of those killed would have no recourse. For the safety of the passengers those transportation companies without substantial assets should be required to give bond."

In 1917, the Public Utility Commission, now known as the Public Service Commission, was given jurisdiction over all bus companies. A certificate of public convenience is now required before any driver can engage in the business. Rates and schedules have to be approved.

It has been declared, however, that the policy of the commission is to give certificates to all who apply for them, regardless of whether operators in the field are already giving sufficient service. This is a basis of complaint for those who say that the only way to put the motorbus business in the Philippines on a sound basis for the future is to bolster it up with sound laws.

A case is now pending in the Supreme Court for hearing next July which tests the power of the commission to grant indiscriminate permits. Organized operators are watching with great interest to see what happens.

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News of the World

THE PHILIPPINES

April 28—Announced that work on the ₱12,000,000 extension of the Manila railroad to the Bicol provinces will begin next week.

May 8—Judge Higinio Benitez, of Paganjan, Laguna, dies at the age of 77.

May 11—The debating team of the university of the Philippines now in the United States makes its last of 13 debates, all of which it won. The debates were on Philippine independence. The debates were with teams from Leland Stanford university, California, Nevada, George Washington, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Oberlin, Cornell, Harvard, Bates, and the International club of Miami. Professor Carlos P. Romulo was the coach.

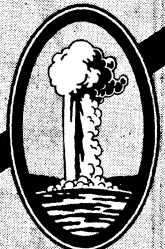
May 10—Senator Quezon leaves the Monrovia sanatorium for Washington to fight the Kiess bills.

May 14—The United States Supreme Court decides against the Philippine legislature in the case which arose between Governor-General Wood and the legislature over the authority of the board of control over government-owned companies.





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THE UNITED STATES

April 21—Harry F. Sinclair, the oil magnate, is acquitted of conspiring to defraud the government in connection with the Teapot Dome naval oil reserve lease. The jury ruled that the government had failed to prove that Sinclair gave Secretary Fall \$233,000 in liberty bonds and \$25,000 for the lease. The verdict in effect upheld the contention of the defense that the bonds and money were paid to Fall for a one-third interest in the latter's ranch in New Mexico.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA

April 21—With the nationalists nearing Tsinanfu, capital of Shantung, American and British residents are evacuating.

April 27—National government sends a sharp note to the Japanese government demanding immediate withdrawal of Japanese troops being sent there, stating it is unwarranted by the circumstances and a direct attack on China's sovereignty.

April 29—A clash between the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek appears imminent owing to Chiang Kai-shek's violation of Japanese orders against cutting the Shantung railway. Chiang has 100,000 troops massed south of Tsinanfu.

May 4—Fighting breaks out between the Chinese and Japanese in Tsinanfu. Both sides blame the other. The Japanese claim the Chinese soldiers were out of the control of their officers. The Japanese are sending more troops, less than 3,000 Japanese soldiers now facing some 30,000 Chinese nationalist troops.

May 6—Chiang Kai-shek blames the Japanese but counsels patience. "We must recognize this is not the time to declare war against the imperialists. That time is not far off, but for the present we must devote our entire energy to completing the revolution and strengthening the country." The nationalists have sent a telegram to the league of nations at Geneva, demanding an international inquiry into the occurrences in Shantung. The Kuomintang is also making plans for a general severance of economic relations with Japan.

May 7—Furious fighting between the Japanese and nationalists again breaks out. Reported that Chiang Kai-shek had agreed to withdraw his troops except for a small contingent of less than 1,000 men to police the area outside of the Japanese lines, informing the Japanese commander to that effect, and then leaving Tsinanfu for the northern front. Two days later, on the 7th, the Japanese commander, General Fukuda, sent an ultimatum demanding the evacuation of all nationalist troops near Tsinanfu and the entire length of the railway between Tsinan and Tsingtao. General Chiang, a subordinate of General Chiang Kai-shek, received the ultimatum and informed the Japanese commander that he was unable to reply as General Chiang Kai-shek was

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absent, and asked for an extension of time. General Fukuda considered this reply unsatisfactory and immediately advanced on the Chinese holding the railway, using field artillery and machine guns. The nationalists made a disorderly retreat, leaving the Japanese in control.

May 8—Premier Tanaka of Japan explains to representatives of the United States, Britain, France, and Italy the details of the Tsinan affair. The Japanese ambassador at Washington informs Secretary of State Kellogg that the Japanese action in Shangtung was entirely for the protection of Japanese nationals and property.

May 9—Stated that the action of Japan in seizing the Shangtung railway is having a paralysing effect on the nationalist movement since it splits General Chiang Kai-shek's army in two. He is trying under almost impossible difficulties to reorganize his forces and is attempting to continue his northern military expedition. He has issued orders to refrain from retaliation against the Japanese.

May 10—The Japanese shell with shrapnel the native walled town of Tsinanfu where several hundred nationalist troops still hold out. Seven thousand nationalists have been disarmed.

It is unofficially stated in Tokyo that Japan would not ask for or accept mediation of the trouble in Shantung.

May 11—The nationalist government has decided to ask the United States to mediate in the Sino-Japanese clash at Shangtung. They have also appealed to the league. An anti-Japanese boycott is on throughout China.

May 11—The whole of Tsinan is now taken by the Japanese after severe fighting.

It is pointed out at Geneva that the league of nations can not consider nationalist protests against Japan because Chang Tso-lin's government at Peking, and not the nationalist government, is regarded as the official spokesman for China.

May 12—The situation in Shangtung is now stabilized. The Japanese have asked the Chinese chamber of commerce and other representative bodies to take control of the administration of the Tsinan area.

May 14—The northerners are retreating before the nationalists who have continued north and are expected to take Tientsin shortly. The capture of Tientsin would cut off Chang Tso-lin from the sea and also from his Manchurian base.

The Japanese have adopted a passive attitude, holding Tsingtao and Tsinan and the Shangtung railway, pending the settlement of the incident. Chiang Kai-shek has dismissed General Ho Yao-tsu, commander of the Chinese troops that first entered Tsinanfu and as a consequence became involved with the Japanese, contrary to orders from Chiang, which were not to enter Tsinan but to proceed directly to the front.

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(With apologies to some author or other)

Our Twenty-Fifth Birthday

The June 1928 issue of the Philippine Education Magazine is No. 1 of Vol. 25. During these twenty-five years the magazine has never issued a Hemp Special, A Copra Special, A Sugar Special, A Hospital Special, A School Special, A Bamboo Special nor an Anniversary Number. All of these Philippine commodities and institutions have at some time or other been given space in the columns of the Magazine, but have never been considered of sufficient importance to serve as an excuse for mulcting Manila advertisers.

In No. 1, Vol. 1 of the Magazine the following advertisers appear: International Correspondence School, Castle Bros. Wolf & Sons (now Pacific Commercial Co.), Isuan, American Book Co., Erlanger & Galinger, Ginn & Co., Silver Burdett & Co., Heacock's, and the Manila Times. These same advertisers appear in the columns of the present issue of the magazine; the majority of them having been regular advertisers since the starting of the magazine. While tooting one's own horn in this manner is admittedly "small town stuff," we cannot help being just a tiny bit proud of our achievement.

We are also glad to be able to state that not one column inch of advertising in this number has been solicited on the ground that this was our twenty-fifth birthday.

The Pampangans

THE girl on the cover, reproduced from a pastel drawing by the famous Filipino painter, Fernando Amorsolo, is a Pampangueña—No. 1 of the Philippine Education Magazine series of typical Philippine beauties. Professor H. Otley Beyer, in his "Population of the Philippine Islands in 1916," has the following to say of the Pampangans:

"Number, 337,184; sixth largest group in the Islands. *Loc.* The province of Pampanga and about one-third of the province of Tarlac. More than twenty thousand now live in the city of Manila. *Char.* Christian. In physical type the Pampangans are of the Malay blend, but with the tall mongoloid element very predominant. The latter element has been augmented by extensive Chinese mixture within recent centuries. They are tall and well built, and individuals of primitive type are comparatively rare. In the neighborhood of the Negrito country there has been some slight mixture with that type. The predominating culture is the general Spanish-Filipino civilization of the lowland peoples. Irrigated agriculture is practiced, and sugar and rice are the chief commercial products. Many local industries are carried on, the principal ones being pottery making; tools and implements of iron and steel; native gin, roofing materials, mats, and other nipa products; firewood and other mangrove products; and an extensive fishing industry. Very little weaving is done, but a considerable variety of baskets are manufactured. The nipa houses of the peasantry are small and crudely built, but among the well-to-do substantial wooden structures are found. There is here a more marked contrast between the fine houses of the wealthy and the crude huts of the poor which surround them, and, as would be expected, peonage is in a flourishing condition. The native folklore is extensive and interesting, but on the whole pre-Spanish culture is less common than among most of the other lowland peoples. The language is quite uniform and distinct, though it bears a structural resemblance to Tagalog, Bicol, and Bisaya."

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CONTENTS, THE CLOTHES WE WEAR

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How Strong-as-a-Lion Kept Warm
Patience True and Her Homespun Dress
Our Clothing To-day
Where Our Clothes Come From

In the Land of Cotton
Cotton in the Early Days
In the Home of Cotton
The Story of Mary's Cotton-Boll
Where Edith's Dress Grew
We Visit the Gins

A Visit to a Cotton Mill

The Wonderful Blue Flax, or the Story of Linen
A Day in the Flax Fields
In the City of Linen
Some Ways We Use Linen

A Visitor from a Sheep Ranch
Old Friends, the Sheep
In a Sheep Ranch
The Sheep Shop
The Family
The Rooted Shepherd

Wool of Wool
Wool is Warm
Worsted and Woovens
The Teasel and Its Scratchy Head

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Mrs. Silkworm at Home
A New Coat Once a Week
Little Silk Spinners
Fairy Eggs

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Kinds of Silk Cloth

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Helen Knits
Adventures in a Knitting Mill
Knit Garments We Wear

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How We Dye

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Most Important of All

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A Button of Pearl
A War Relic
The Ivory Sisters
A Button from a Hoof
Other Queer Buttons

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Making a Dress
A Helpful Friend
The Sewing Machine at Work

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A Huge Clothing Factory
What the Sewing Machine Did
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The End of Our Trip

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A Day in Venice
Lace Made by Machine
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Making Leather

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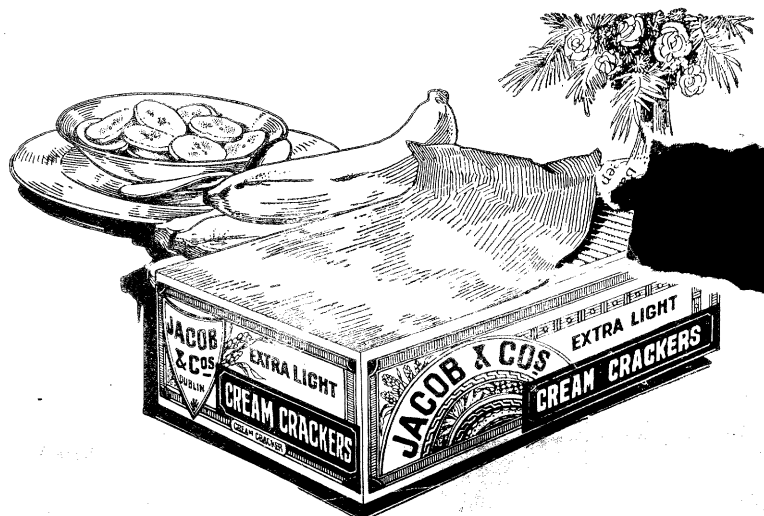
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